

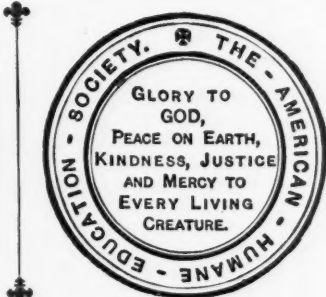
Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark. Registered.

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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Photograph from Boston Herald

OUR SPECIALTY IS SPEED

By LOUISE DE ST. HUBERT GUYOL in *Young People's Weekly*

WHAT IS HUMANE EDUCATION?



It is the education of the heart as well as of the mind, the education that gives boys and girls a brighter outlook on life and a broader understanding of its meanings. It has its beginning in kindness to the dumb beasts about you, and its fulfillment in a civic condition the beauty of which we cannot yet grasp. Humane education hopes, in time, to bring about a state where there will be a minimum of crime, of degeneracy, and of wretchedness.

It seems a far cry, does it not, from being kind to animals to developing so perfect a state as one would be in which there is a total absence of present-day crimes?

How are we to bridge the space, and what is the connection?

To begin with, every boy and every girl pictures himself or herself growing into a brave and noble man or woman. Bravery and nobility have their foundation in kindness, in gentleness and in mercy. The cry of the humane educators is, "Justice for the helpless, succor for the suffering, consideration for the weak, compassion for the unfortunate, and kindness as the corner-stone of character."

Kindness to Animals Comes First

Can you develop these traits without being kind to the animals? No. Why? Because there is nothing more absolutely dependent upon you than are these "silent martyrs of civilization." We have tamed the animal to our use, and in taming him have made him forget the way he fought in the wilds for his food and his shelter and his rights. If we deny him these, he does without. Wild, he maintained his own rights; tamed to our uses, he is abjectly dependent.

The boys and girls who forget this dependence and neglect the animals about them, will forget every other obligation of dependent humanity. The child who is kind to an animal, because the animal is helpless, is going to grow into manhood or womanhood thoughtful of all that is helpless. The child brought up with a disregard of the feelings of the most pathetic of all things—a something unable to speak for itself—will grow into a selfish man or woman just as surely as he grows up at all.

Statistics have proved that not one criminal out of a hundred ever knew what it was to have a pet. And we all know that from one criminal many may come.

It was a study of criminal conditions which gave the greatest impetus to humane education.

Those great pioneers who were striving for the betterment of the world looked into the criminal records and determined to educate instead of to punish. They saw that the criminal descendants of one woman, the famous Jukes family, had cost the country, in seventy-five years, over one million dollars. They realized that every murder committed might have been avoided by education. They planned and they worked, and their work is spreading fast over the country, and will spread faster when boys and girls realize the beauty of the pledge of the humane workers, "Kindness, justice, mercy to every living creature."

Unconscious Reformers

You probably never thought, when you laughed at the boy who was kind to a cat, or a dog, or a horse, that that boy was unconsciously working with the great reformers of the age. You probably never thought about it at all, and you doubtless still do not see the connection between the great scope of the work of humane education and the seemingly small matter of treating animals kindly. The connection will become clearer and clearer to you as you keep

in mind, first, that all education begins with the simplest and lowest, thence working upward, and that the teaching of kindness to animals is the alphabet of humane education; and, second, that the care of animals is the first practical lesson that can be given children.

At all hours of the day the streets are filled with passing animals. Have you ever paused a moment to think what these animals are doing for you, the heavy loads they are bearing, the long trips they are taking, the earning power they have for their masters? And then, do you recall that the animal, alone of all working creatures, receives no wages for his labor, sometimes not even good food nor proper physical care?

The Vision Grows Wider

If you notice this and think of this, your eyes begin to open, your mind to broaden. The things of the streets have some meaning for you now. You find yourself, as you walk, forgetting your own personal plans and selfish ambitions because there is something passing that is holding your attention.

You are learning, you are awakening.

As you grow older, the habit that was formed by noting the need of dumb beasts will be a part of your nature. Your opened eyes will see the suffering of little children in the crowded streets, and the need of the aged and infirm who cross your daily path.

The consciousness of your duty to the weak began when you felt your duty to the animals, and it has grown until now, that you are older and more responsible, you are no longer willing to sit idly by, wrapped in that most smotheringly selfish of robes, "It is none of my business." You know that it is your business, because you know that all that is helpless needs the aid of the strong, and that there will be helplessness until there is less ignorance, and that ignorance can be conquered only by education, and that the ignorance which causes suffering is the ignorance that humane education is putting a stop to.

The Commercial Side

"All sickly sentiment," you will hear some few people say. Perhaps these people do not know the commercial side of the story, and that more is wasted every year through inhumanity than is lost in wars and pestilence. We are told that hundreds of millions of dollars are annually wasted in our good United States because of cruelty to children and to animals.

Is this done purposely?

Certainly not.

It is done through ignorance; ignorance, not only of the fundamental principle of humanity, but ignorance of the fundamental principles of political economics.

We hear much talk, in these days, of "conservation." The saving of the nation's resources is a vital question of the hour. This means the saving, not only of our forests, but of our little, helpless children and our more helpless animals. The child who is cared for makes a good citizen; the animal that is cared for gives better work.

Something Better than Laws

There are ignorant parents of children and ignorant owners of animals. Laws are being daily enforced to give to these children and these animals their dues. We do not always want, however, to be enforcing laws; we want to teach the parent and the owner so that the punishment which law inflicts will be unnecessary. That is the reason of humane education.

One of our brilliant writers on this subject has said: "Advanced educators recognize three forms of education: the education of the past, the present, and the future—the education of the heart. Heart education or humane education—they are the same thing—is based on the recognition that the spirit of life is universal,

and the form it takes, human or dumb, varies not in kind, but in expression or degree."

We want to have our share in this education of the heart. We want our own lives broadened by it. We cannot, when we are too young, take an active part in the work that deals with the delinquent parent, and, consequently, the wayward child; but we can do our part, no matter how young we are, by giving succor to the thing that is more helpless than we are, the dumb beasts whom our own civilization has made dependent.

Humane Societies Point the Way

In almost all cities the humane societies show us how we can do this work, and nearly all of these societies have their junior auxiliaries in one form or another, particularly in "Bands of Mercy." We doubt if there is a boy or girl who, having once felt the broadening effect of becoming interested in the needs of the teeming life about them, ever relinquish such interest.

It is not necessary to "meddle," as so many people will tell you. It is not necessary to do more than just your own individual share in remembering the creed of the humane educators, "Kindness, justice, mercy to every living creature."

If you remember this, you will be kind to each dumb thing that crosses your path, and if you are kind to the lowest thing that is helpless, it cannot but follow that you will be kind to whatever helpless thing comes your way, be it suffering child or an aged man. Nor can you speak roughly in your home when you have remembered to speak kindly to the beasts in the street.

Nor must you think that humane education is all for the "good of the other fellow," for there is nothing that will react with quite so much benefit to your own heart and soul as your bearing in mind always that

"God made all the creatures, and gave them our love and our fear,

To give sign we and they are his children, one family here."

For Our Dumb Animals

BOB-WHITE'S CAROL

Still I hear them calling, calling,

Voices that I fondly know,

When the tulip-trees are breaking

In a blooming purple glow;

In a flush of velvet blossoms

Through the pretty Southern town,

Where the furrowed valley stretches

And the rugged mountains frown.

Oh, 'tis then I hear them calling

From beyond the river shore,

Bob-whites in the hazel-cover,

Bob-whites piping o'er and o'er.

Where the cotton fields are growing,

Where their blooms begin to show;

And the winds are tripping lightly

Down the long aisle of the row;

There the driver turns at noonday

Laying down his shining plow,

Thinking of the cottage nestling

Close against the hill's green brow;

There I hear them all about me,

Scudding o'er my homeward trail;

There the valley seems to echo

With the carol of the quail.

In a treble note 'tis rising

On the morning's early air;

In a chorus I can hear it

'Neath the dawn-light rosy-fair;

Catch the song that they are singing

With the coming of the light;

Quail that pipe across the valley

In a carol: "Bob,—Bob-white."

And the strain must linger with me

Though my steps should roam away;

It must linger on forever,

On forever and a day.

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER,
Malden, Mass.

For Our Dumb Animals by W. F. YOUNG, Springfield, Massachusetts

"THE JEW" AND WHAT HE CAN DO

"The Jew" is a horse. He was raised in old Kentucky, sired by "Monte Cristo," trained and exhibited by Mat. Cohn, Jacksonville. He has won in high school class in three exhibitions in Kentucky, Lawrenceburg, Sheldonville and Louisville. He was the best horse among a bunch of forty that I saw shown at Wabash, Indiana, at the time I bought him in 1906.

This fellow stands full 16 hands high, weighs a little over 1,100 pounds, and is now about eleven years old. I think he can do more useful things, including more tricks and gaits under saddle, than any horse that I have ever been acquainted with. To start with, my family use him to the family carriage, either single or double with his mate. He is a straight-away beautiful driver, animated, good life. He goes to the freight-house either single or double, and when I want to ship a carload of merchandise, "The Jew" and his mate "McKinley" are hooked to the truck with heavy harness and do the trick as well as any team of horses, standing with the weight around about town.

Under saddle, "The Jew" will take any gait at signal, doing it promptly without protest. Likes to carry you in saddle apparently as well as a boy likes to play baseball. Mrs. Young and I both ride horseback and when the saddles are on, we lead "The Jew" out to the lawn and he kneels at signal for us to get on. Would do it just as well for Mrs. Young as for myself. At signal he will kneel for the rider to dismount, and do it anywhere out on the country road or at the accustomed place on the lawn after returning from a ride. You will agree that this is a pleasant feature.

Regarding his gaits, he will start away at signal with the step and pace or fox trot, the running walk, the straight walk, the Spanish march.

When out on the road and you want to road away, the choice of gaits simply lies with the rider, whether he will call for the canter, the bold trot, the stepping away at speed on the single foot, or run a mile like a thoroughbred. Should you meet a friend on the road and feel like treating him to an exhibition, "The Jew" will make a bow to the lady by dropping on one knee, side pace either to the right or to the left, kneel on both knees with his nose in the dirt saying his prayers, do the pedestal mount.

The cut shows him starting up the steps of my residence. I had just said to the photographer that this fellow would do the pedestal mount, and in looking about for a place for him to mount his forward feet, the steps caught my eye. I pointed him and he started right along

up. He would have gone right up into the house if I had not stopped him.

He will sit up like a dog, lie down, and if you are feeling a little hilarious yourself and the hurdy-gurdy or street bands start to play, Mr. Horse will throw his ears and get a little chesty and, at signal, will do the two-step, the high trot, the Spanish walk, go the high march, backwards, will apparently stay in his tracks and imitate a rocking-horse, guides promptly and quickly by the neck or by swinging in the saddle.

If you can think of any more things this horse ought to do, you write me about it and I will go down to the stable and talk to him about it, and see if he cannot do them. And say, this is a cheerful fellow—always good tempered. I used to think there was one thing I would like to change, and that was his color. I would change him from a steel gray to a chestnut horse, but I have gotten all over that now. I would not change his color for anything. Why, I never had such clean clothes or had the carriage linings kept in such good condition, as I have since having this white horse. You must brush off the white horse hairs once in a while, with the above result.

His mate "McKinley" is a very dark brown horse, weighs a few pounds more. This fellow has won in high school at Kansas City, St. Louis, Springfield, Ohio, also in harness. So I have quite a classy pair all right, as well as a pair of rare saddlers.



"THE JEW" ON THE STEPS OF MR. YOUNG'S RESIDENCE

For Our Dumb Animals

"HE WAS SO KIND"

Half-hidden by sea-pinks and tangled grasses
Stands a small head-stone worn by sun and wind.
Only four little words are carved upon it—
"He was so kind."

He who lies dreaming there—had he high station?
Had fame or wealth their gifts to him assigned?
I know not; yet his deeds pass on like music,
For he was kind!

Those little words—they whisper life's true values
Of that which is worth while to leave behind;
For who could wish to know more lovely tribute—
"He was so kind."

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR,
East Claridon, O.

"OLD MORTALITY"

Through the genius of Sir Walter Scott, the name of "Old Mortality" is known far beyond the bounds of Scotland, and everyone who has heard of the persecuted Covenanters are familiar with his real name. There are few churchyards in Galloway, especially in the county of Wigtown, where his handiwork may not still be seen.

A native of Dumfries, James Patterson was by trade a stone-mason, but for the greater part of his life he exercised his craft without fee or payment.

His absorbing passion for the Covenanters led him to give up home and friends and to wander for forty years over the wild moors, in the lonely glens, and from churchyard to churchyard, to erect a stone wherever a martyr of the Covenant lay.

A sincere devotion led this venerable renovator of tombs to dedicate so many years of his existence to perform this tribute to the memory of these suffering people. Wherever a grave existed "Old Mortality" was sure to be seen busily at work, bent on his pious task, with his chisel and mallet, and his old white pony grazing by his side.

His last peregrination was in the neighborhood of Bankend, eight miles from Dumfries, when he was suddenly taken ill and was found on the roadside in a dying state. Kind hands removed the old pilgrim to a friendly house, where he passed to his rest in a few days.

He was born in 1712 and died in 1801. The memorial of "Old Mortality" is in keeping with the simple tastes of him it was designed to commemorate; it stands near Garpel Glen, one mile away from the village, known as St. John's Town of Valry. This spot was chosen as it was one of the chief hiding-places of the persecuted "Nill Folly" of Galloway. The statue represents him in his favorite attitude when at rest, but his chisel is useless in his hand and his mallet is broken. His old pony, the sole companion of his wanderings, stands beside him, "a mute witness of the patient toil of the aged Scottish pilgrim."

MISS C. MASON in *The Animals' Guardian*.



STATUE OF "OLD MORTALITY" AND PONY

For Our Dumb Animals by ETHELYN DYER, Guymon, Oklahoma

HOW OKLAHOMA TREATS ANIMALS



A present the great crying evil of inhumanity in the Southwest, as a whole, is probably the range system, fenced or unfenced, of raising cattle. Not all the articles and stories which have been written can give an Easterner any conception of the horrors of this traffic in suffering.

The "branding" and "dehorning"; the taking of young calves from their mothers, leaving them to suffer unmilked (milking being obviously an impossibility among so many head of cows); sometimes the taking of the mothers from the calves though usually in such a case the other cows, more humane than their owners, adopt the orphan; the hunger, the thirst, the unsheltered plain in summer's heat, when the thermometer registers anywhere from 100° to 125° in the shade (what do you suppose it might be in the sun, and among the flies?); the winter's cold without a windbreak, unless by some fortunate natural formation, though I think that perhaps the unfenced range offers an advantage, in that the cattle may sometimes find shelter; the round-up, the cruelty which fills the poor wild things with terror and pain, the close stock corral at the railway, the crowding into cars, the suffering in transportation and at their destination, are only a few of the mild hints of conditions under the range system. No pen picture can give any true idea, while much of the truth is unprintable.

Horses Suffer under Range System

Horses bred under the same system suffer, of course, in similar ways, and are treated with the same cruelty. Beyond the fact that they are destined for a life of slavery instead of being consigned to the abattoir, their story of suffering is nearly identical with that already told. In addition, they are treated to the brutal practice of "busting," or breaking by force, in the most inhuman fashion possible. It is a sad commentary on this method that range horses are not to be trusted under any circumstances. Sometimes one may prove to be unruined by the manner of his initiation into the ways of labor, but the re-

verse is so true as to be a proverb among western people.

Sheep, however, are more fortunate in the matter of their treatment. They must, indeed, suffer from hunger and thirst, and often from too early shearing. But the branding is done on the wool, and if earmarks are used, the suffering must be comparatively slight, since a cut hurts less, and heals more quickly than a burn. There are fewer sheep kept in Oklahoma than in some of the states of the Southwest, and in small flocks, as a rule, better conditions prevail. This is particularly true with a resident owner, the small owner naturally having an interest in making each animal count for the best that is possible.

The Remedy

Oklahoma, I am informed, has a set of humane laws unmatched for comprehensiveness and clarity. The difficulty seems to be in the sentiment which blocks, in a large measure, the enforcement of these statutes. This condition of public sentiment is not surprising when we realize that many of the wealthy men of our state are either cattlemen at present, or have amassed their money in some of the range methods of keeping animals. Naturally, they have small sympathy with laws which will compel any reduction of their profits. Not only this, but the daily witnessing of cruelty hardens the sensibilities of the beholder until he fails to realize that any cruelty is practised. The home-seeker is the factor which is surely and not slowly changing all this condition of exploitation of the suffering for the benefit of non-resident millionaires. And right heartily does the cattleman hate the "nester," as he contemptuously styles him. With the land cut into small holdings, the range system has, perforce, to go. This separation of the great ranches into small tracts is inevitable in the near future. Even now, in the greater part of Oklahoma, this is an accomplished fact. The small landholder breeds dairy cattle, selling his surplus, the poor milkers and the young males, as beef. He feeds and shelters his cattle, and keeps water always at hand in his windmill tank. He pets and cares for his colts, and trains instead of "busting" them. He may not become a millionaire but he has a comfortable home, sleek, gentle cattle, fat, well-groomed, trusty horses, and contented sheep. Pigs, always an accompaniment to the dairy cow, are not usually successful as a "range crop," but they pay the small landowner well. So I believe that the eventual remedy for the range system is the home-owner. In the meantime let us, who have not been bred to cruelty and find

IDAHO MAYOR INTERESTED

Executive of Boise City Wants Humane Campaign Started

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

I am in receipt of your favor of August 1st., regarding conditions about the treatment of dumb animals in Idaho.

In reply would say that there is in existence in this state a Humane Society, which, however, is not on a very good basis for active operations, the membership being only about forty. I have provided them with an office in the City Hall, and they are doing some work with their limited means. I would like very much to see an active campaign started in this state for the organizing of societies throughout.

Thanking you for your letter, I am,

Yours very truly,

HARRY K. FRITCHMAN, Mayor.

Boise City, Idaho, Aug. 10, 1911.

ourselves with the voting privilege, see that the really good laws are obeyed. And for the help which those outside the state may render, since so many home-seekers are coming annually, let humanity be preached to those who are likely to come to the West, the city man on a small salary, the man who finds it a burden to pay the rent, the crowded head of a growing family who knows not how the children are to be educated, the man whom the physician orders West "for his health." They are coming by thousands to parcel the land among them. Send them to us with high and holy ideals of man's relation to his little brothers—this is the part which you, away from Oklahoma, can play so well.

Some "Minor" Evils

There is little of the over-check rein evil seen in our state. Where it appears, it is a folly brought here by some eastern fashionable. Docking of horses' tails, also, is a cruelty seldom seen, and is perpetrated by eastern people. Horrible as the Westerner is, sometimes, in his disregard of suffering, he has too much regard for beauty or too much common-sense to "dock" a horse or use a checkrein.

One sees too many dogs, foolishly mutilated to satisfy a morbid taste. And, I regret to say, this enormity is usually committed by those who have recently arrived from eastern cities.

"Turkey-shooting" is forbidden by law. When these affairs are held, a day or two before Thanksgiving, the shooting is done at a target, and the winner takes the turkey. This law is probably sometimes disregarded in some places in the state.

Many of our people do not realize that it causes suffering to tie up wild coyotes and keep them in captivity as "pets." They dare not have them at large, for one is never, or seldom, so tame that he forgets his love of poultry or melons. Rabbits are becoming thinned, and they are really a menace to crops unless surrounded by woven wire. But one is distressed to see boys and men "pepper" them, and let them go with gunshot wounds from which the poor creatures suffer for months. Traps are as cruel here as elsewhere, and not more carefully looked after to avoid the possibility of long-continued torture.

The Growing Citizen

There is a splendid opportunity for teachers in the public schools of Oklahoma to do real service in the cause of humanity. Attracted by good salaries, many teachers from the eastern states come to Oklahoma, file on claims, and teach while holding them for the allotted five years. Because of this we have a very superior teaching force, the best young men and women teachers from every state and almost every country. The humane teaching in the schools is usually very sympathetic and thorough, which cannot fail to make of the young people of Oklahoma fine and noble men and women in the future. They are gaining in regard for the rights of everything that breathes, and for this beautiful consciousness of universal brotherhood they are largely indebted to the earnest conscientiousness of our adopted citizens from eastern states.



CAPTURED WITH THE CAMERA



MOUNTAIN SHEEP

Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

For Our Dumb Animals by JOHN BURKE, Evanston, Wyoming

CARE OF ANIMALS IN WYOMING



WYOMING is a mountainous region where in the whole state there are but one and a half persons to the square mile, and where there are many more animals, wild and domestic, than there are human beings. As man, however, is lord of creation by the fiat of the Almighty, he controls all the unnumbered and almost unnamed animals that dwell in these mountain fastnesses.

There are more than fifty thousand elk in western Wyoming. It is to the credit of the human race that these are treated kindly and can be killed as game only under the strictest humane laws. Last winter when these graceful animals were suffering for food, the state, at great expense, shipped thousands of tons of hay to feed them. As the range is becoming more limited from year to year, it has been decided to remove many thousands of these animals to other western localities where there is better range and more freedom. Cow-boys are now rounding up from twenty-five to thirty thousand to be driven to parts of Idaho and Colorado. Deer, elk, antelope, coyotes, bears, mountain-lions, are still abundant in western Wyoming.

All school-boys and girls have learned that Wyoming is a great sheep state. I have been living in the midst of these sheep ranches for the past year and I must tell them the pictures in their geographies together with the descriptions are but feeble representations of the reality. While the ranches are not so large as formerly, a flock of 25,000 sheep is still quite common among the ranches. There are hundreds and hundreds of ranches with from 2,000 to 10,000 sheep.

These sheep, constantly watched by herders, are living and getting fat on grass in the summer and living comfortably on sage-brush and hay in the winter. I have seen no case of neglect or cruelty displayed by herders or ranchmen toward these meek and useful creatures. When the lambs are born in the early spring, food and shelter are provided for the mothers and the tenderest care is given to the little ones.

The same may be said of the cattle and horses, for there are many cattle ranches in Wyoming. I have been struck by the kindly treatment given

to horses and cattle all through the West. I think it better than I have noticed in the East, and I think all this is to the credit of the western pioneer.

The laws of the state in regard to kindness to animals are elaborate and too lengthy even for a synopsis to be given here.

The Wyoming Humane Society is established by law as a state board of child and animal protection. The governor, the attorney general, and the superintendent of public instruction, are members of this board. The duties of said board cover every possible case of mistreatment of animals or helpless children.

This board has an annual meeting in November of each year at the capital of the state, and before the first of January of each year makes an annual report to the secretary of state. This report covers the work of the general board and of all county and district humane societies. These reports are given prominence by being published and circulated over the state. I am informed that there are local subordinate societies in every county in the state and also many district societies all responsible to the law of the state and the general board.

The severest penalties are prescribed for every kind of cruelty or mistreatment of animals.

Officers of any humane society or their agents are given authority to interfere in all cases to prevent cruelty to animals. The laws are specific in stating how animals shall be fed, worked, and treated. The laws are also specific and strict in regard to the treatment of children.

There is but one thing I can find fault with, and that is the dehorning of cattle. This practice is general.

The teachers of the state are compelled by law to give two lessons each week on the humane treatment of animals. I think this law is pretty well observed, but the teachers themselves need enquiring and enlightening on the subject. I would advise that those who desire to encourage this work get names of teachers from the county superintendents of schools and mail a few copies of *Our Dumb Animals* and similar publications to each, calling especial attention to the cheap and good literature to be had on this subject.

There should be no let-up on the great work of kindness to human beings and dumb animals. The American Humane Association has done much toward awakening interest in this subject, but the good work should go on.

THE LAST BISON HERD

Across the dusky hills, as falls the wintry gloom,
I see them come, a snow begrizzled host,
A silent, sullen stream of plodding woes.
The shrieking wind with ghoulish glee foretells their doom,
Each whirling drift a shrouded taunting ghost
Across their path its tangled garments throws.
With heavy, low-hung, shaggy heads and steaming breath
And eyes aglow with desperation's fire,
With backs that arch below the bitter sting
Of sweeping winter winds that wildly wail of death.
They struggle on, impelled by blind desire
For change, and chance relief that change may bring.

I see them pause and halt, a mass of dumb despair,
And ever huddle closer as they stand.
A silent, hopeless, fated horde they crowd
As whirling drifts sweep madly through the thickening air,
And ghostly screaming demons o'er the land,
In hollow ghoulish glee, laugh long and loud.
Into the darkness and the storm they fade away:
I hear no more, nor see them in the night,
For unto them no more are time and place.
The morning breaks in silence bleakly cold and gray,
The valley sits in robes of spotless white,
And in her lap there sleeps a vanished race.

CARLYLE C. McINTYRE in *Outdoor Life*.

HORSES IN U. S. MAIL SERVICE

Mrs. Fiske Points Out Abuses in the West and Suggests Remedy

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

FROM all I can learn, the greatest abuses of animals in the western states are to be found in the cruelty inflicted upon horses used in the mail service—that is to say, horses used to carry the mail in remote sections and, I suppose, the same horses are used in stage service. The problem of the cattle abandoned upon the great ranches of the West is perhaps too much for us, but there is small doubt that the abuses of the horses used in the mail service can be abolished if we are simply in earnest enough to persevere in the effort after reform. I am convinced that we can accomplish much more than we do accomplish if we work together.

I enclose a copy of a letter from the acting fourth assistant postmaster-general, Mr. George Wood. You will see by this letter that the horses used in the mail service are owned by men who contract directly with the post-office department at Washington, D. C. You will see that "under the terms of the contracts, the animals used for carrying mail must be suited for the work and properly cared for. The cruel treatment of an animal while in the performance of service is considered cause for imposing a fine on the contractor and requiring the dismissal of the driver. Any report made to the department giving specific information of the violation of this requirement will be given prompt attention and appropriate action taken."

This is perfectly simple. The abuses of the animals used in the mail service in Utah, Nevada, Arizona and other western states are unspeakable. We are sure that the laws are right and we see that we can reform these abuses. Shall we not make the effort? We can do it. By all means let us do it. I suggest that agents be sent by the western humane societies commissioned to make thorough investigations of the mail service in all these states, and report the conditions. The reports should be taken to Washington by some one in authority, and the effort after reform pushed to the uttermost.

Let me say here how gratifying it is to know that your Society is not narrowed to local activities, and that it is broad enough to extend its powers to remote fields that seem to be no one's particular concern.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

[As the principal part of the letter of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Wood, referred to by Mrs. Fiske, is quoted by her, it is not necessary to republish it here. It is addressed to Mr. Ira Bennett of the Washington, D. C., Post who is greatly interested in the subject.—Editor.]

For Our Dumb Animals
A PRAYER FOR A PUP



Great God of Dogs:

Seated on thy regal throne in the high heavens, where ruddy Sirius flames; with all thy angel pack about thee, running to do thy bidding—St. Bernards and all the other canine saints, collies, setters, mastiffs, and Great Danes, dogs who gained Heaven through much loving and profound devotion, a noble brood, heroes of flame and flood—

Great God of Dogs, look down and hear my humble prayer.

Outside thy portals this gray morn a little stranger waits, an Airedale terrier, nine months old, big-footed, awkward-limbed, rough-coated, with stubby tail held upright, wagging rapidly, ears cocked, and brown eyes full of innocent inquiry and pained surprise at his strange plight, pleading dumbly for admittance.

That's Dusty Rhodes. He died last night in undeserved pain. His little spirit passed beyond our ken. No more our door is opened to his plaintive whine. Great God of Dogs, I pray thee, let him in.

And if he cannot read his title clear to kennels in the skies, I pray thee grant him mercy. If in his record thou dost read much mischief and some disobedience, forget not his unsullied heart, his sweet and gentle disposition; no trace of viciousness did darken his young life, no evil mood, nor any least resentment. He teased our cat, but it was only play; he would have loved him like a brother if he could. And if on such and such a day he misbehaved and heeded not the bidding of his mistress, on that same day he licked the chastising hand, and all was soon forgiven and forgot.

There be no deeds of valor to record; but he was young. He came of noble lineage; his little heart was true. Be merciful, I pray, and let him in.

His little collar hangs upon a nail, and e'en the little whip, the sight of which chastises us today. He has no home. We cannot bear that he should wander there in outer darkness, unpatted and unloved. Is there no place in all wide Heaven for him? Is there no loving hand to take his proffered paw? I pray thee, let him in.

And if there be an angel child or two whose time may well be spared, some cherub who can understand a dog, who loves to play, I pray thee to entrust him to his keeping. He will repay the care. Across the Elysian fields he'll romp and run; and if some angel stops and smiles and speaks his name, as neighbors did on earth, then there will sound the bark of pure delight that we shall hear no more, no more; and Heaven will hear a joyful noise that day.

Great God of Dogs, outside thy pearly gates this little stranger stands and begs the simplest boon. He only asks for someone he may love. Great God of Dogs, wilt thou not take him in?

WALTER A. DYER,

Hempstead, N. Y.

"BEAU BRUMMEL"

"Beau Brummel" is a fine specimen of Scotch collie, whose lineage may be traced back for many generations. His picture and a brief mention of some of his accomplishments we are able to publish through the courtesy of *The Guide to Nature*, Sound Beach, Connecticut.

The dog is the embodiment of intelligence and gentleness, with an expression that is tender and true. Chesterfieldian in his manner, Beau Brummel offers a dignified greeting to his numerous acquaintances, but reserves his paw for intimate friends.

A finished education adds to his natural charms, for he knows many tricks, such as shaking hands, retrieving, jumping through hoops, writing a letter, speaking in whispers or loud barks, and has many other accomplishments.

He has been taught the art of letter writing. When the magic words, "Write a letter to your mother," are spoken, he jumps on a revolving desk chair, which is firmly held, proudly places his paw on a sheet of note-paper and holds the pen between his toes. The only reward he expects for this graceful achievement is a little praise, and a pat of appreciation on his handsome head.

Beau Brummel, nevertheless, respects himself as well as others, always requiring a special invitation to accompany his owner on walks and drives. Another most amusing trait is his frugality; for, when not hungry, he invariably covers the platter that contains his meal with newspapers, and oddly enough this frail protection is always respected by his canine companions.

Inherited instinct and native sagacity have combined to produce remarkable feats on the part of this truly clever collie. On one occasion, though never previously taught to drive sheep or cows, he performed creditably all the duties of his station; such as bunching the herd, turning back stragglers, and finally penning them, within one half hour of his first appearance in the field.

DOG MUZZLES

[From Editorial in South Bend, Indiana, *Tribune*]

Fortunately for the poor dogs of South Bend the city treasury has run so low the city dog catchers have been laid off and the work of dog catching has been temporarily suspended. The muzzling of dogs is a questionable proceeding at best. Muzzles irritate them and naturally have a tendency to bring to the surface the worst side of the animals.

We believe it is true that a majority of the dog-biting cases follow aggravation of the offending animal by the person bitten. A dog has only his teeth with which to defend himself, and when exasperated by some foolish individual will quite properly resent the action. If it were possible to fine a few persons for aggravating dogs, perhaps muzzles would not be necessary.



"BEAU BRUMMEL," A THOROUGHbred SCOTCH COLLIE

MY DOG

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through,
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket, or some nook hard by,
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And, when he's done it to the core,
With eyes all eager, pleads for more.

Somewhere, upon his hinder legs,
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone—
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield and grant the same to him!

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by some garden gate,
With eyes alert, and tail attent—
You know the kind of tail that's meant—
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

—Life.

DOG GIVES LIFE FOR FAMILY

Another instance of canine bravery and faithfulness is related by the Toronto (Ontario) *Mail and Empire*:

In a fire which destroyed the residence of Mr. Alex. McDougall, near the Ottawa Golf Club, the lives of six people were saved by a dog, which awakened the family by its barking. They escaped from the burning house safely, although nearly suffocated with the smoke, but the faithful animal perished in the flames.

REVIVED BY HIS DOG

Knocked down by a stone hurled at him, Patrick J. Butler of Brockton, Massachusetts, lay unconscious for about an hour. His faithful St. Bernard dog stood guard over him from the time he was downed by his assailant and licked its master's face and hands.

Butler had a hard time reaching home. He was too weak to shout for help and fell several times. Butler's dog was hit by a stone the night before and his master succeeded in catching the man who threw the stone, and threatened him with arrest. He thinks the attack on him was a result of this threat.

THE ABATTOIRS OF LONDON



THE Royal S. P. C. A. delegated its chief agent to accompany us, and under his guidance we arrived at a good hour in the morning at Islington, known as the "City of London Slaughter-Houses." Here, also, is a very large market for cattle, sheep and swine, all of native stock. Some of the methods of handling and tying the bullocks were anything but satisfactory from a humane point of view. The first thing that attracted our attention was a group of idle boys hectoring with blows and jabs of their sticks a handsome old Jersey bull whose bad temper, perhaps not his fault, was going to cost him his life. He had twisted the rope so about his horns and head that he could not move and was a safe animal-Samson for his tormentors to plague. Look out for the average boy! It seems to be in him, survival of barbaric times, to be cruel.

In connection with this large market are the numerous slaughtering-houses where the various butchers and provision companies of London kill the animals they have there purchased. Here is the little butcher who does a small business and any one of whose hired men may take charge of the work, one today and another tomorrow, bungling often when his blow should be swift and unerring, and the larger concerns whose employees are naturally more expert from greater practice. So far as the stunning of the cattle with the poleaxe went there was little that we saw to criticize. It was done effectively and one blow sufficed apparently to destroy consciousness. The pigs were also stunned, two of them at a time being driven up an inclined plane some eight feet in length into a small chamber where the attendant with a mallet seemed to have little difficulty in dropping them with a single blow. There was no jerking of the pig up by a chain attached to a hind leg, no use of the knife until the animal had been deprived of all sensibility.

Sheep and Calves Not Stunned

The sheep and calves are killed, as almost universally with us, i.e., without stunning, bled to death. Though in no place in England or France where we saw these poor creatures killed does there prevail the practice of hauling them up by one of the hind legs and then letting them hang till the butcher comes with his knife. In every slaughter-house in Massachusetts we have ever visited this is the custom. I have seen four bunches of calves hung up at once, with anywhere from four to six calves in a bunch, each calf hanging by a single leg from a big iron hook, the butcher starting in to use his knife only after he had them all suspended. At Islington, and elsewhere on the other side of the water, wherever we saw sheep and calves killed, nothing like this added indifference to the claims of the victim for humane treatment was observed. We are more than ever convinced as we witness these methods of slaughter from time to time that after the cutting of the throat of an unstunned animal there remains quite a period of conscious suffering. The examination of the eye in addition to other signs indicates it. Indeed it has been claimed, so we have been told by a most reputable gentleman, by certain English scientists, that consciousness is possible even after the head has been completely severed from the body, and so the capacity for suffering. We cannot vouch for the statement, but we question if it could be proved to be untrue.

Indifference for Feelings of Animals

In driving the cattle, sheep and swine about, forcing them into the proper pens, getting them into position for slaughter, the same indifference to their sensibility was observed as characterizes nearly all the slaughter-houses of England and America. To kick and prod with sharp pointed sticks, to twist the tail and beat over the head with the fist or with whips or clubs—all these practices were in vogue. No mask was

used, as in Paris, and no apparent concern for the animal's feelings, mental or physical, was in evidence. It is true that on the inside of the sliding doors through which the cattle were brought into the death chamber there was a notice to the effect that the door must be closed so that the animals outside, waiting, could not see their fellows in process of being slaughtered. Scarcely any attention, however, was paid to the notice. In the majority of instances the stunning and bleeding, and dressing of the carcasses were going on while from two to four steers stood looking in with wondering eyes upon the scene.

The sanitary conditions were very bad. The buildings are old and long out of date. Blood and offal and filth are not properly or speedily enough removed, and the habits of the butchers and their practices about the place are a disgrace to the institution.

The Hebrew Method

The one thing that aroused our indignation most, to use the mildest word possible, was the slaughtering done by the Jews. Both at Islington and at Deptford, which we visited later, these Jewish butchers seemed the most callous, heartless, and heedless of the animal's well-being of any butchers we have ever witnessed working at their trade. The bullocks were brought in, onto floors reeking with the blood and offal of former victims, thrown in the most brutal manner, the head bent back by means of a chain through the mouth and an iron bar fastened in the floor, and in one case a man standing on the animal's head to bend it into position. The struggles of the wretched creatures long after the throat had been cut, the dreadful roaring sound caused by the breath rushing through the severed windpipe, the staring eyes and gasping mouth—these made the whole thing so gruesome, repulsive and heathenish, that one wonders that the barbarism of it is allowed in any civilized country, no matter what religious belief is demanded by it. A God or a religion that asks of the worshipper such things as we saw that day—and at Deptford 500 cattle had been killed by the Jews within the last twelve hours—it is hard to believe can appeal to any rational being. These words are written by one who honors above most men the Hebrew race and speaks no word concerning them out of bitterness or prejudice.

The fact is the public, Jewish or Christian, knows nothing about these barbarities of the slaughter-house. It does not want to know. Its fine sensibilities would be offended. Its delicate feelings would be outraged. Its aesthetic sense would be badly shaken up. It could no longer enjoy its steaks and chops and roasts with the same old relish as before. That piece of meat so tastefully prepared by the cook might seem to lie upon its plate with many a ghost standing round the table—ghosts of startled and pleading eyes, ghosts of gaping throats and gasping mouths. Scenes of blood and filth, odors of the shambles and the slaughter-pen, these too might intrude themselves upon the public's attention if it would acquaint itself even for one single day with the conditions amid which the animals it eats are killed.

Even our Jewish friends, tens of thousands of them we are persuaded, would demand that their food animals be stunned before the knife is used, could they but be induced to look upon such sights as we saw this summer.

Conditions at Deptford

From Islington we went to Deptford. This is the market and the abattoirs for all imported stock, the most of it coming from the United States and Canada. The number of bullocks will run from three to ten thousand a week. They and the smaller stock must be bought and slaughtered within ten days from the date of arrival. If at the expiration of that time any are left over, the abattoir authorities have them killed, dressed, and the carcasses sold at auction. The

same conditions prevailed here as at Islington so far as the treatment of the animals was concerned. The four-footed creatures were only cattle, they were on their way to death—why be kind, patient, humane? But he who looks for such traits of character in the average man engaged in the business of personally handling live stock that is to be slaughtered, will look in vain. The very business is demoralizing. It is bound to be. Imagine yourself trying to load, unload, force into the death chamber and bind securely, so that you might kill them, a carload of wild western steers. They are not lambs. They know nothing about your rights and privileges. In their terror of all that is so strange they would trample you beneath their feet without the slightest hesitation. You would probably lose your temper, strike many a blow in what would seem like self-defense, use methods of compulsion that were far from gentle as apparently the only ones that would be effective. No, there are some things that if you are going to do at all will not admit of being done by Sunday-school children and refined men and women. Of course we demand the flesh of these same Texas steers that someone must handle with little concern as to what humane societies approve, but, here again we say, if the public had to do it it would repudiate the job and turn vegetarian, that is, no small part of it would; or, if it still occasionally indulged in meat, would do it with a more or less accusing conscience, feeling itself a *particeps criminis* in the whole wretched business that, say what we will, reeks with blood and is repellant to every soul sensitive to suffering.

It was interesting to learn that on the present site of the Deptford market and abattoirs there once stood an old monastery. A single window, bearing the date 1516, has been preserved, the wall of the modern building enclosing it, a mere fragment of far-off days when, let us hope, the spirit of kindness and good will toward all made this present place of blood sacred and holy ground.

There is still another historical association connected with Deptford. Here, where the cattle-pens are grouped together, was the famous shipyard to which Peter the Great of Russia came to learn the shipbuilding trade. A tablet to this effect was set into the wall some years ago by a delegation of Russians visiting London.

Where Journeys End

We also went this same day to Harrison and Barber's place where a large part of the horses dying in the city are taken care of, and where many of them, sick or injured, are destroyed. The flesh of no horses killed here is ever used for human food, though that that passes inspection as in a healthy condition is worked up into dog biscuits. It was a strange and pathetic sight to see these poor old servants of man, some of them that had worked till there was absolutely no strength left to turn another wheel or carry another pound's weight, in the various stages of their last journey from the threshold of the institution to their final disappearance so far as any shape or form of their equine existence was concerned.

There were few bright spots in the day where, through the shadows cast by market and abattoir, the sun of hope for humaner methods in slaughter could be seen breaking in. It's all as bad in England as in America, except the abattoirs under the direction of the Admiralty, of which we wrote last month. There conditions are so nearly ideal that one is greatly cheered with the thought that some day what is true there will be true everywhere when once men and women who create the demand for animal flesh have in some way had a vision of the cruelties that characterize the average slaughter-house, and then have insisted that these millions of four-footed creatures that year by year are compelled to lay down their lives for them shall journey from meadow and hillside to the place of execution, and then from life to death spared every pang of pain, mental and physical, that man's noblest humanity can prevent.

F. H. R.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Boston, October, 1911ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last page. All who send subscriptions and remittances are respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts which is published each month, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, to kindly notify us.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions will be given.

TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at the special price of twenty-five cents.

BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale in small or large quantities at greatly reduced prices.Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of the twenty-two thousand five hundred newspapers and magazines published on this continent north of Mexico.

CRUEL SPORTS FORBIDDEN

We learn with pleasure of the act of President Taft whereby he prohibits in the Panama Canal zone all contests between birds or animals of any kind. This puts under the ban cock-fights, dog-fights, bull-fights, as already prize-fights between two-legged animals have been forbidden. Indeed any one who should act as umpire, or assist at any such exhibition, is subject to fine or imprisonment or both. This new order of the president went into effect on Labor Day, a holiday on the isthmus, and saved, who can ever tell, how much of cruelty and suffering! Mr. Taft is a whole humane society in himself. F. H. R.

FOR THE HORSE-LOVER

Did you ever see a galled ox? Doubtless there have been many such beasts of burden with sore shoulders, but while we have seen any number of horses working with raw sores under the collar, we do not remember having seen an ox in that condition. Is the fact due to the difference in the nature of the collar? Is the soft leather collar, constantly becoming wet and gummy from use, a far more irritating thing than the smooth wooden yoke? There is a steel, lameless collar being used today by many for which these advantages are claimed, that it is far easier for the horse, and that it will not gall with any proper care. Won't someone who has thoroughly tried this out tell us about it?

Some would criticize you for hobbling a sick or injured horse that is down before drawing him into an ambulance. "Give him his freedom," one says. That means freedom to pound and strike with his feet, and perhaps to injure himself. From the experience of men who have observed both ways of caring for the horse when the services of the ambulance are required, we are convinced that when the horse, sick or injured, must be drawn up on the rolling platform into the ambulance it is the right and humane thing to do to hobble his legs.

In England docking horses is forbidden by law unless done by a veterinarian, supposedly for some reason which it is claimed renders it necessary. For example, the leaders in a four horse hitch, if they have long tails and get their tails over the rein, would be very hard to manage, it is sometimes claimed. It is very easy to secure the docking on some such ground as this. Certain dealers assert that it strengthens the horse's back. Anything will do for an excuse if you can make it work. We have seen, however, many a span of leaders with long tails and the driver not in the least afraid of the dire consequences that might result from leaving the tail as nature seems to have designed it. Horsemen in England, where almost all the horses are docked, say that many are subjected to this cruelty when young colts. Let us hope the pain may be less ere the bones and muscles have matured. The king sets the same example as his father and grandmother, no docked horses are found in the royal stables.

We have heard it said that it is less a crime to dock a horse in England than in America, because in the former country they have almost no flies. We once believed this. We have seen too much in contradiction of this statement to allow us to give it very much credence. The fly is such a plague during part of the summer season in England that men who care for their horses will not allow them out at pasture, and cows must be kept in the stables and protected from the flies if expected to produce their regular amount of milk. It is true that England scarcely knows what our mosquito is.

It is a not uncommon practice in certain places, we never heard of it in this country, for farmers and others to knock out or draw out some of the first teeth of their colts in order to insure the quicker growth of the permanent teeth and so enable them to represent their stock as being older than they are that they may the more quickly sell them as fit for work. To what depths of cruelty can human nature sink!

A certain William Hartley, jam manufacturer of London, has recently been convicted and fined for having two horses docked. His counsel said that Mr. Hartley had fifty horses, that they were all docked, that his client did not know it was wrong to dock them, and urged that as the docking was reasonably necessary, and as this was the first case of its kind in London, there could be no conviction. The judge declared that no evidence had been produced to show the practice was reasonably necessary, that it was really done for the sake of appearance and fashion, generally to enhance the animal's value for sale purposes, and that to inflict pain for this end was not justifiable in the eyes of the law. It is hoped this decision will prove significant in its bearing upon this absurd and cruel practice.

The horses that carry the United States mail are, as a rule, among the poorest and most overworked horses seen upon the streets of our cities and along our public highways. They are a constant reproach to our government. The same statement is true of other countries, England, for example. It is the result of the contract system by which the postal department turns this work over to the cheapest bidder. We protest, we write to Washington, we receive courteous replies, we are informed that the contractor's attention will be called to the matter. Doubtless it is, but still the conditions remain to shame all lovers of the horse and all who desire to respect the government under which they live. If every reader of this paragraph who sees a miserable horse attached to a U. S. mail wagon would write the post office department at Washington, in time we might hope to see a better system prevailing. For all such purposes Heaven hasten the day of the auto-truck!

We will give every teamster in the state of Massachusetts an attractive badge and enroll his name among our Teamsters' Branch who will persuade the owner of the team he drives to let him drive it without blinders and checkreins. If the horses are young and nervous he must exercise care at the start in taking them out without blinders. Would that the man who invented these instruments, curtailing and seriously injuring the eyesight of our horses, had never been born!

The possibility of war with its unspeakable horrors we do not want even to contemplate. But, should it come, are we aware that no protection has been granted to the army veterinary department to go upon the field after a battle and end the sufferings of the wounded and dying horses? The Geneva Convention guarantees safety to the physicians, nurses and ambulances attending to wounded men, why should not these faithful servants of man be included under the terms of this agreement? If our President, Mr. Taft, lover of peace and friend of humanity, were to invite the other powers to unite in extending the Geneva Convention so as to cover the work of the veterinary surgeon and ambulance, is it not probable they would quickly accede to the request?

F. H. R.

THE PIT PONY

Great disappointment is felt by a host of humane people in England at the report of the Royal Commission on Mines on the present status and treatment of this useful little animal. The evidence that the ponies in English coal-mines were subjected in many instances to outrageous cruelties was so great that a public sentiment was aroused sufficient to secure the investigation of the matter by this above-named commission. If the friends of the ponies may be believed the examination of the witnesses was carried on in a most unsatisfactory way and much of the evidence practically disregarded. The National Equine Defence League declares, in its reply to the report, that it is not in accordance with the evidence on which it professes to be based, and that its conclusions and inferences are futile and misleading.

We have read enough of the testimony given by miners themselves to wonder at the findings of the commission. From their report one might think that the charge of cruelty was founded merely on the exaggerated statements of a few extremists. When, however, men affirm that the eyes of ponies have been gouged out to prevent them shying at the lights, that after working a certain length of time in the mines many of them go blind, that it is not unusual to work them fourteen hours a day—often eight hours at a shift without water or feed, that they are crowded to the utmost limit of their strength to satisfy the clamor of the miners who are paid in proportion to the amount of coal mined,—one feels very sure that the commission's report is but another instance of the long delay all are bound to experience who plead with the average official for justice in behalf of suffering and misfortune. Take hope, friends across the sea, men once dared use little children in English mines as if they were only dumb, driven cattle! What was won for them will yet be won for their lowlier kindred.

F. H. R.

THE KEENEST PAIN

At a public meeting held some time ago in London, in the interest of the much-suffering pit ponies of English mines, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, presenting the motion that gathered up the conviction of the hour, used the following which we would share with all our readers:

"There is a fine passage in one of Zangwill's books. He describes a Temple open to the winds where stands a wondrous statue with a face that is beautiful in its eternal calm. The winds from far and near sweep round the palace laden with the pain of the world, but the statue hears them not: eternal calm is on its face.

"Until one day its ears are opened, and it hears the message of the wind—it hears the cry of the world's vast woe. And the pain of the statue is greater than the pain of the whole world, for it hears but it cannot help."

Keen as is the pain of a thousand hearts at the sufferings that they know day by day are laid upon the patient and defenseless animals that man has brought within his power, keener still, and harder far to bear, would be the pain could we lift no hand, speak no word to lessen those sufferings. We, thank God, can act. We can speak at least in behalf of kindness and justice. We can write the letter that may move someone stronger than we to utter his voice. And yet, more to be pitied than Zangwill's moveless statue with the cry of the world's pain ringing through its heart, is the man or woman who can hear that cry and in selfish indifference let it ring on unheeded.

F. H. R.

IMMEDIATE ATTENTION

The fate of the important treaties between the United States and Great Britain and France will be decided by our Senate next winter. These remarkable treaties which pledge the three nations to submit their future differences to arbitration are among the most notable peace measures of the centuries, and have been signed by President Taft and the representatives of the other two nations. Write, and write at once, to your Senator to vote for the ratification of these treaties.

F. H. R.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
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Post cards, to be filled out when sending in complaints, may be obtained without charge upon application to the office of the Society.

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals Examined	3392
Number of Prosecutions	17
Number of Convictions	14
Horses taken from work	149
Horses humanely killed	79

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts of \$100 each from "A Friend," and from Mrs. Clara Imogene Cheney (deceased, but presented by her daughter, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach), for the Angell Memorial Hospital; and \$50 from "J. F. T." The Society has received \$2000, bequest of Mrs. Sarah A. Matchett of Brookline; and has been remembered in the wills of Miss Cornelia Frances Forbes, Westwood (\$300); Helen R. Willard, Harvard; Charlotte L. Wright, Georgetown; Mrs. Mary L. Day, Boston, (\$1000); and George A. Torrey, Boston, (\$1000).

The American Humane Education Society has received \$95 from Mrs. Clara B. Musselman, \$20 of which is for the Angell Memorial Hospital, and a bequest of \$138.94 from Lewis L. Forbes of Philadelphia.

Boston, September 20, 1911.

250,000 HORSES WATERED

The following figures must be gratifying to the friends of our Society who contributed generously to this special branch of our work:

The number of horses watered at our several stations in Boston and Cambridge during the months of June, July and August is as follows:

From June 15 to July 1	29,769
During July	103,964
During August	90,651
First ten days of September	17,104
Total	241,488

DEATH OF A DIRECTOR

The death of John D. Bryant, a prominent Boston lawyer, who had been a director of the Society for many years, was announced at the September meeting of the directors of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. The board passed unanimously the following:

Resolved: That we express our sympathy with the many personal friends of John D. Bryant, Esq., recently deceased, who was a director of the Society and a man eminent in various ways and universally respected.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE

We have decided to send out through the commonwealth a man who shall proclaim, if need be, from the housetops, the claims of our animal friends for just and kind treatment. At county fairs this autumn he will work and speak in their behalf. From city to city, from village to village, he will go later with his plea for those who cannot plead for themselves. Special literature is being prepared for him to distribute that will surpass in its attractiveness anything we have ever published. Mr. Edward H. Packard is the man. We bespeak for him the courtesy of the press throughout the state, and cooperation of all lovers of our cause. The venture is a new one. It involves no little expense, but we believe there are almost unlimited possibilities of good in it.

F. H. R.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Some account of my work and experiences as an agent of the M. S. P. C. A. during the past month may be of interest to your readers. At this season of the year it has seemed that a very promising field for missionary effort would naturally be at the large county fairs and agricultural shows, since at these fairs we meet many men directly interested in animals. Here are to be found farmers, stockmen, breeders of poultry and domestic animals, teamsters, racing men, sportsmen, butchers, and others whose work more or less concerns the animal life. I have therefore spent much time at these fairs, giving open air talks wherever an audience could be gathered, distributing literature among the people, and by friendly talks trying not only to present our arguments, but seeking also to get the point of view of others.

The Worcester local papers gave our work special notice during my stay in that city, and I was able to arrange with one or two of them to give us a couple of columns for humane educational matter from the M. S. P. C. A. every week. This means that every week we can speak through these papers to a quarter of a million of people in Worcester county.

Of course one of my first calls in Worcester was upon Agent Dyson of our Society. He has been an agent of the M. S. P. C. A. for thirteen years, his present territory covering one-fifth of the area of Massachusetts, and with a population of 500,000 people, 160,000 in Worcester and vicinity. In all he covers ninety-one towns. Mr. Dyson tells me that his field includes Leominster, Clinton, Milford and other large towns, besides the cities of Worcester and Fitchburg, and it would almost seem that any one of these places would be enough to keep an agent busy.

At the New England Fair in Worcester I gave out 5,000 copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, distributing them judiciously among the people, and placing about 1,000 of them in automobiles and other vehicles. The people seemed glad to receive the paper, many welcoming it as an old friend, and it was evident that the copies would be taken home for careful reading.

Now to give some idea of the opinions expressed by horsemen, cattle owners and others with whom I talked about the work of the Society. I found that the general opinion of close observers and of those who have grievances on account of the abuse of animals, is that not enough punishment is meted out to offenders, in proportion to the suffering that has been inflicted on the voiceless and defenseless animals. As a result of this condition, a disregard of the rights of animals exists all over the state, and will exist until the people themselves rise up and demand justice for the helpless. I met a livery stable owner who said, "The penalty for abuse of horses is not heavy enough."

What can be done? The only thing, it seems to me, is to keep at work persistently, courageously, wisely, in trying to arouse a public sentiment that shall demand in many cases a severer punishment than is often meted out for the more brutal cases of cruelty. When we can teach all men and women and children to avoid all forms of cruelty to others, either human or sub-human, a better day for us all will have dawned.

ED. H. PACKARD.

SURE TEST OF EFFICIENCY

As an example of the favorable press notices given to our humane summer work, we reprint the following from the editorial columns of the *Boston Budget*:

The past week has proved a sure test of the efficiency of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. No less than two hundred horses died, and some five hundred were prostrated, during the recent hot spell, and all through that period the agents of the Society were hard at work in their efforts to make life at least a little easier for the dumb creatures who so faithfully act as our servants.

In its monthly report just issued the Society tells us explicitly what has been accomplished. In seven of the hottest days no less than 38,000 horses were watered, over 4,000 animals were examined as the result of complaints, there were eighteen prosecutions and sixteen convictions, and the new electric ambulance was kept busy answering urgent calls from all sections of the city. This in itself is proof that the Society is an essential part of our social economy, and that in serving the lower animals it serves also mankind in a sentimental as well as in a practical fashion whose lesson cannot be ignored.

AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION

We received recently the report of the first American International Humane Conference, held under the auspices of the American Humane Association at Washington last fall. It is a volume of 228 pages, with several attractive illustrations, containing very full reports of the six days' deliberations and the most complete directory ever published of humane societies throughout the world.

Through an apparently unavoidable oversight the donation of \$100 by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. toward the expenses of this convention was omitted from the published list of members and contributors for 1910.

\$2000 FOR HUMANE WORK ABROAD

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

It may interest your readers to learn that, owing to the generous course of the New York *Herald*, European edition, in publishing much correspondence on the subject, the attempt, first started through that paper last April, to raise a fund of ten thousand francs, to be equally divided between the four anti-cruelty societies located at Rome, Naples, Cairo and Jerusalem, at which cities such work is greatly needed, has proved a complete success, and I have just mailed the four checks which rather more than complete that sum.

The energy and generosity of Mr. S. R. Taber, of Chicago, alone prevented this excellent plan from failure. Mr. Taber not only raised more than one half of the sum among his friends, but personally gave more than twice as much as any other contributor.

PHILIP G. PEABODY,

Boston, Sept. 6, 1911.

HUMANE BOOKS AT COST

The American Humane Education Society offers its five most popular humane books at five cents each net, when ordered in large quantities to be sent by express or freight:

Black Beauty (245 pp.) illustrated
For Pity's Sake (191 pp.) illustrated
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst (154 pp.)
The Strike at Shane's (91 pp.)
The Lady of the Robins (194 pp.)

These volumes are bound in heavy paper, printed from clear type on pages 7 x 5 inches. For prices by mail see last page.

AT NATIONAL CONVENTION

Mrs. George T. Angell, Secretary Guy Richardson and Mrs. Richardson will attend the convention of the American Humane Association at San Francisco, October 2, 3, and 4. Many addresses will be given by distinguished humane workers. Extracts from these will be published in the November issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose names are printed on the preceding page.

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see last page. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

HUMANE EDUCATION IN MASSACHUSETTS

Because we have in this state no law making humane education compulsory it is often asserted that in this respect we are sadly deficient as a commonwealth. Yet it would not be difficult to convince, we think, anyone who was willing to be convinced, that the state of Massachusetts is in advance of any other in the Union in the amount and the efficiency of the humane education given in its public schools. Our Society keeps one man constantly at work visiting the schools of the state, speaking to the pupils, organizing Bands of Mercy, addressing teachers' gatherings and interesting school-boards in humane teaching.

Reports of this representative's work that come to us from all over the state, from superintendents of city schools and village schools,—that come unsolicited, would indicate that the work is being wisely and effectively done. Reports also of the great multitudes of teachers who are steadily, from freewill and not from compulsion, instilling into their scholars' minds the principles of kindness and justice to all animal life, lead us to believe that this voluntary instruction is almost universal in our schools.

Once a year Humane Day is observed by all the schools of the state, and the cooperation of the entire body of superintendents, with possibly two or three exceptions, witnesses to the place this work has in their thoughts.

Besides all this, in accordance with Section 18 of Chapter 42 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, all our teachers are to "exert their best endeavors to impress the minds of children committed to their care with the principles of justice, humanity, universal benevolence, etc." The teachers recognize this as covering humane education, and the State Board of Education, when talked with about the matter, affirm that this is virtually a compulsory humane education law.

F. H. R.

BUSINESS AND WAR

Is there any significance in the fact that Senator du Pont, president of the Powder Trust, has been chairman of the committee on military affairs, and that he also has been a member of the committees on coast defenses, expenditures in the war department, and pensions? There is little doubt that these are the committees on which he desired to serve. In case of a war we can imagine Mr. du Pont remarking that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

F. H. R.

WAR?

Before our next issue we hope France and Germany will have settled their contention which at the moment threatens the peace of Europe. We cannot believe that war will be the issue. The crime of it would be too horrible. The financial and commercial disaster too appalling.

F. H. R.

A NATIONAL DISGRACE

The press of August 24 announced another of those dastardly and savage crimes that shame us, as a nation, in the eyes of the civilized world. At Purcell, Oklahoma, with women applauding and men drunk with the passion for murder, an American citizen, a negro, was dragged into a public square, tied to a stake which was surrounded with wood saturated with oil, and burned. We can imagine this sort of thing happening and permitted in dark and barbarous times, but such utter disregard of law and order, such unrestrained surrender of rational beings to the wild, mad impulses of their natures in the twentieth century and in our own land is beyond our comprehension. What sort of creatures are these who can do such a deed? Amid what conditions have they been reared? They do not even merit the adjective "brutal," for their conduct has never been matched by the most ferocious beast that has prowled through an African jungle.

Teachers in the public schools, parents who read these words, all whose influence over the young is a power for good, lay it again and again and still again upon the heart of youth that regard for law, respect for its operations and its established functions is at the bottom of any civilization worthy the name. No matter how black the crime of this colored man, it was a blacker one to snatch him from the hands of the law and wreak a mob's frenzied vengeance upon him. Especially is this true when we remember that there could have been no possibility of his escape from punishment had the law been given the chance to deal with him. The enraged mob seeks not legal punishment, it follows the base instinct that calls for revenge and torture—this is savagery in its most repulsive and immoral shape.

These lynchings, almost always of colored men, now in places like Oklahoma, now in Ohio, now in Pennsylvania, now occurring nearer and nearer the northern sections of our land, make us a nation of Apaches in the estimation of multitudes abroad. Every American traveler gets it thrown into his face soon or late. We have always believed that the government that can compel any of its citizens, black or white, to lay down his life in its defense, should need arise, is morally, and by the eternal law of justice, bound to protect him in his rights as a citizen. Who will the nation have to blame if some day this outraged and wronged race, driven beyond the powers of endurance also takes the law into its hands and gives back in kind blood for blood, fire for fire? The nation that has allowed this crime against itself to continue. Why should a state that suffers this thing, or fails to punish it so severely that it breaks up the lynching practice, be taught no lesson by the supreme voice of the nation of which the state is but a single unit?

F. H. R.

A GREAT PRESIDENT

Mr. Taft calls his desire to promote peace among the nations, and to secure the adoption of treaties making obligatory the arbitration of difficulties that might lead to war, his "hobby." This was his statement in substance before the National Bar Association that met recently in Boston. Furthermore he said that he wanted these treaties to mean something. He wanted that in them which should "bite" when the strain came. That is, he wanted America and England and France to pledge themselves to be willing actually to give up something they had formerly thought very vital to their national pride and independence, for the sake of peace.

Think of a president whose "hobby" is peace! Who has said that it was far better to suffer a little humiliation as a people, and curb the eagle's natural tendency to scream beyond all reason, than to plunge two nations into war with all that would mean of suffering, tears, death and financial waste! To find in our president not only a man of strong, keen intellect, a master of hard problems and situations, determined and immovable when convinced he is right, but a man with a great heart, fine sensibilities and noble nature, makes gladder the lot of every American contending for higher ideals.

F. H. R.

CATS AND DOGS

There is something for serious thought on the part of all lovers of animals in the disclosures made through the activities of the New York S. P. C. A. in collecting homeless or vagrant cats and dogs throughout the city. Between June 1 and August 20 there were captured and turned over to the Society, so the press has published, 113,186 cats and dogs. These were humanely put to sleep. Thirteen hundred and ninety-seven each day of the summer to be mercifully sent to such a heaven as, let us hope, somewhere exists for these humble creatures, multitudes of which have unbounded capacity for affection and fidelity!

What is true of New York is true to a greater or less degree of all large cities. The license system appears to have controlled in part at least the situation as to the dog; has it any promise in it for the cat? Or shall the cat be allowed to go on multiplying without restriction, unprotected by any provision that shall insist that if a family has a cat they shall provide for it properly and not contribute so often a fresh batch of kittens, by their mistaken idea of kindness, to the cat population, the majority of which will have to roam about friendless and starving. We knew of a man who set a litter of kittens out in the ash barrel in winter time to freeze to death. When asked why he did not fold them up in a piece of thin cloth, or put them in a sack, and sink them in a pail of lukewarm water, he replied he was too tender-hearted to drown them. Well, it's no pleasure to perform this service. Some of us who have had to do it would rather take quite a respectable flogging than do it, but it's a mercy to the poor kittens in the vast majority of cases.

If the American Humane Association at its meeting this month in San Francisco would give this matter its earnest attention some light might be thrown on this difficult problem as to how to curtail this too abundant incoming tide of animal life.

F. H. R.

IN DEFENSE OF THE CAT

We called attention some months ago to the ancient prejudice against the cat on the ground that one of its favorite pastimes was to leap upon the breast of the sleeping child and "take its breath." This special proclivity to evil, charged against the cat from time immemorial, we declared to be a creation of the imagination.

Recently, the following, from a physician who has evidently given the matter consideration, has been received and we are glad to publish it as a very rational explanation of what no doubt has sometimes happened:

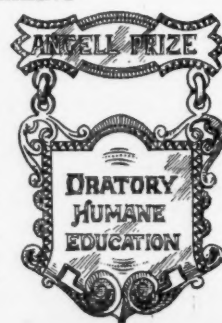
"It is most improbable and unnatural that a cat would 'take away an infant's breath.' But on the other hand, much less weight than that of an ordinary sized cat on an infant's breast will cause death by asphyxiation; respiration is retarded at once, and if the pressure is directly on the chest, complete occlusion of oxygen very soon follows and proves fatal. The cat is spontaneous in its advances, anticipating sympathy and hospitality, while the dog, with greater dignity, waits your invitation.

"So it is that puss is found lying up to your face as you wake, while the dog is satisfied with more remote quarters."

F. H. R.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere. We offer beautiful sterling silver medals at cost, \$1.75 by registered mail. This cut shows the size and face inscriptions. On the back is engraved "The American Humane Education Society."



ETHICS OF SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY

The Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican* recently printed the following communication from Mr. Sydney Richmond Taber of Chicago, a director of the American Humane Education Society:

The article on "Animal Intelligence" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May is noteworthy, not only because of its entertaining account of scientific investigations, but also because it raises an ethical problem of great interest.

The writer, M. E. Haggerty of the Harvard psychological laboratory, says: "A good example of how experimental work alters our understanding of these matters is Watson's investigation on the white rat. The normal man, seeing the rat endowed with all the sense-organs of man, concludes that they rely upon their sense-organs in a way similar to the ways of man. Experimental evidence points in a contrary direction. Watson worked with rats that were blind, rats that were deaf, rats that could not smell, rats whose vibrissae had been cut off and the soles of whose feet had been anesthetized. Not the absence of vision nor of hearing nor of smell nor of tactual sensation seemed to affect the rat's ability to learn a labyrinth, or to run a maze which had been learned before the loss of the sense in question."

The *New York Evening Post* of December 31, 1906, editorially described the steps taken by the experimenter "to discover whether rats have a sixth sense unknown to man, a sense of direction. To this end he put a rat in a box from which the only outlet was by a maze, and he kept it there until it was thoroughly familiar with the intricacies of the exit. Then he removed its eyes, but it managed to get out. Next he extirpated the olfactory nerve, but the rat still threaded the maze. As the escape might have been due to a sense of touch, Mr. Watson froze the rat's feet. Finally he covered its head completely with collodion." And that journal voiced the general sentiment by saying, "We must protest against the torture of animals for merely trivial investigation."

At the conclusion of his paper Mr. Haggerty discusses the value of these investigations and expresses the hope that "there will be three rewards, any one of which is a sufficient justification." Perhaps the lay public will agree with him as to the sufficiency of two of these rewards, namely, the valuable knowledge which it is hoped will be reflected both on biology and psychology, and the aid that may be furnished toward putting education on a scientific foundation. But it appears that there is another reward—the most important, presumably, for it appears first on the list. The study of animal intelligence is, the writer thinks, sufficiently justified if the only result is to satisfy "the great instinct of human curiosity."

The modern scientific creed has thus been enunciated by a professor in another American university: "A human life is nothing compared with a new fact in science. . . . The most curious misconception is that the humane society seems to think that the aim of science is the cure of disease—the saving of human life. Quite the contrary, the aim of science is the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life. . . . If cats and guinea pigs can be put to any higher use than to advance science, we do not know what it is. We do not know of any higher use we can put a man to."

We are indebted to Mr. Haggerty for a further definition of the scientific attitude and for helping to remove the above-mentioned misconception. Such work as the Watson experiments, says Pure Science, is sufficiently justified by the satisfaction of curiosity alone. Such work, answers lay opinion, as expressed by the *Evening Post*, constitutes "sickening cruelty, so nearly purposeless as to be wholly unjustifiable."

The cat or kitten is usually the first animal with which young children associate. Humane education may be started thus early if parents teach children to treat kindly their first pets.



For Our Dumb Animals

A HUMANE CAT



HORTENSE is a female cat of strong mind, marked individuality and characteristics that many human beings would do well to emulate. As a kitten she was the gayest of the gay, ever on the tip-toe of excitement when any mischief could be devised in her active little brain. No staid and sleepy older pussy could enjoy a quiet snooze when Hortense was admitted. The flash of needle and trail of thread sent the frisky miss into such ecstasies that never a stitch of sewing could be accomplished when she was in the room. No mantel-shelf, piano, or book-case was so high that the pink, inquisitive nose of Hortense did not know by personal contact every ornament or book upon it.

Age brings its inevitable cares and responsibilities to bright-eyed pussy-cats as well as to humankind, and Hortense has developed into a proud, reserved, dignified old tabby, with an arch to her neck and a coldness of eye that would give any dowager credit.

Like Nimrod of old, Hortense is "a mighty hunter before the Lord." By clearing the house and barn of pests she has earned a position that would be honorable if no other signs of forceful character had been displayed. Offerings of squirrel and rabbit are first proudly brought to the attention of her mistress, who, when she remembers the many wanton specimens of humanity with guns who bring down these harmless creatures for mere sport, cannot scold Hortense for following her natural instincts. These offerings from field and wood are often spread before the other cats of the family, and My Lady Bountiful sits benignantly by while they display their bad manners and wrangle over choice bits.

Although Hortense has not an affectionate nature and maintains a haughty attitude toward both man and beast, she proved herself a few weeks ago to be more humane than the one who caused her distress.

Early one morning a racket at my bed-room window disclosed Hortense carrying a little fat roll of a kitten wet with dew and with eyes not quite opened. Where she had found this waif was a mystery to me for some time. With anxious looks did she try to still the little stranger's cries which grew more piercing as its wants remained unsatisfied.

Presently she seemed to give it up as a bad case and hurried away only to reappear in about fifteen minutes with another foundling, shrieking

as only a hungry kitten can. She repeated her performance twice more, the last time being so excited and in such a hurry to get in that she climbed to the top of the screen door with the fourth protesting infant in her mouth.

If the one who dropped that little family by the wayside could have seen the efforts of the pitiful Hortense as she labored over those poor outcast wailing babies, something resembling shame must have penetrated the heart of that unrighteous one who regardeth not the life of his beast.

When a cat can overcome natural instincts at the sound of distress and adopt a foreign family that a human being has deliberately determined shall starve to death, why traduce dumb animals by calling such a person a brute?

EDITH M. P. KIMBALL,

East Thompson, Conn.

For Our Dumb Animals

OUR PRETTY CAT

[The late Charles E. Bolton, a "Memorial Sketch" of whose eminently useful life has been written by Mrs. Bolton, was ever fond of animals. "Dollar Gray," a tiger kitten, was purchased for a dollar from two children to please them. Whenever Mr. Bolton read his morning newspaper the kitten rested upon his arm.]

I sit tonight in dim twilight;
A little ball of fur

Lies on my lap, in quiet nap,
With soft and gentle purr.

I stroke her head, for one that's dead
Held her so oft before;
And thoughts go out, no fear, nor doubt,
Beyond the closed door.

She was his pet; I see him yet,
As on his arm she lay;
So small a thing to comfort bring,
After a strenuous day.

I see her play in speechless way,
And toy with graceful paw;
He reads and smiles at pretty wiles;
Love is her only law.

I wonder now, when hand and brow
Are still, and cold, and white,
If she can know I love her so
Because of him, tonight?

Cleveland, O.

SARAH K. BOLTON,

CATS TAXED IN MUNICH

The first city in the world to levy a tax upon the domestic cat is Munich, Bavaria. This municipality has fixed the tax at five marks (\$1.20) a year.

Manifold reasons are given for the unpopular measure. It is considered that there are far too many cats in the city, and it is expected that the levying of the tax will result in reducing the numbers kept.

Every cat is to be provided with a special collar and a metal check such as the dogs wear, and those who are not thus equipped will be caught by authorized persons.

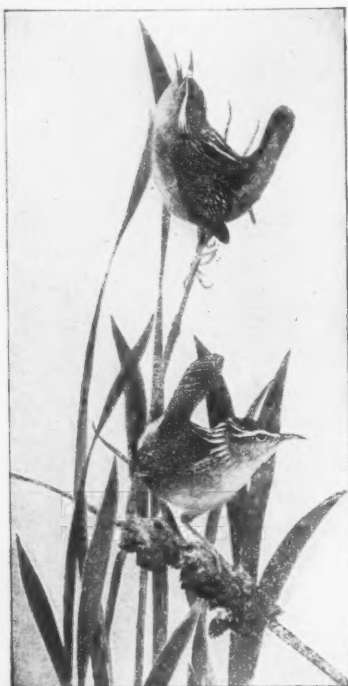


For Our Dumb Animals by Professor W. J. HOXIE, Savannah, Georgia

THE LONG-BILLED MARSH WREN

NOT that his bill was so portentously long but it is a little longer than that of his cousin, the short-billed marsh wren. While they were about it, why could not people have called them the "salt-water" and "fresh-water?" It would have distinguished them just as accurately and meant more to common every-day folks.

All up and down the coast, wherever the goose-grass grows thick and tall, the wrens seem to swarm. They are the jolliest, noisiest, happiest little dots of things that inhabit the great green stretches of waste grounds, tide flooded and useless, which border all the ocean-fed creeks and streams of the seaboard. Rapid and piquant beyond expression, their little twisty song shrills and reaches far across the creeks, inlets, and sounds. It has been likened to the winding of a dollar watch, but that was by a landsman. The sailor ear will at once note that it is more like a line reeving through a small



From "Bird World," Ginn & Co., Publishers
LONG-BILLED MARSH WREN

creaking block. It has the very same up and down quality. Almost identical are the two sounds; I have heard them together many an early morning. And withal there is such jollity and frolic in it! One of the bird songs that thoroughly interprets the whole character and life of the singer.

Sociable and gossipy too are they, but I never have caught them quarreling. Always as busy as can be. In fact I suspect they are too busy for they build half a dozen houses before they get one that is just to their taste. Houses I say, too, for the nest is neatly roofed over and the front door has a porch over it so that it is hard for us big clumsy humans to find an entrance. The building operations are well worth watching. Such a wee small bird as it is that goes fluttering past with a long spray of dead grass trailing away behind that looks much too big for so small a laborer.

At the building site there is a rapid fire of argument and directions and a jumbling and tumbling about of the little architects sometimes assisted by a neighbor. The rapid and nervous motions are too complicated to describe, but one thing you may be sure of. As soon as a wren

alights, up goes its comical little tail over its back as if it was furnished with a spring that throws it up in the air as soon as the feet touch.

Then the little eggs are things of rare beauty. Small, chocolate-colored all over, with just a suspicion of being darker at the big end. Sometimes it seems as if there were a dozen of them, but I can only confess to having found eight. When the mate is setting, the father of the family can scold you well if you approach. His antics are most astonishing acrobatic feats as he balances on a blade of grass and rapidly "swaps ends," now peeping at you from this side and now from that, upside down as often as not, but always with that ridiculous little tail uptilted to its fullest extent. And he is smart enough, too, to go and perch on an empty nest so as to attract your attention away from the true habitation.

Even these little folks seem to have a multitude of foes to contend with. There are mice that swim about in the marsh and plunder the nests, even in some cases preempting them for their own domicile. Then there are the blackbirds and grackles, not to mention the fish-crows that account those little eggs a dainty morsel. High tides on rare occasions make the whole wide marshes one big sea for a few brief hours and then the houses have to be all built over again.

Drifting along down a narrow creek, it has been my good fortune once or twice to see a whole new little family of marsh wrens out on their housetop for an airing. The whole edifice was covered with the wiggling, squirming babies, and the old parents were in a perfect agony of excitement for fear I would harm their children. Never at those times was a camera handy.

For Our Dumb Animals

THE SINGER OF THE CAGE

Where cool in ev'ry summer breeze
Yon wood is waving fresh and green,
I swung, a birdling, 'neath the screen
And leafy arches of the trees.

They caught me there with wings untried;
They brought me to this prison-cage;
And here each day is like an age,
And I can wish that I had died.

They put me here where I can see
The cool retreat of field and stream,
To pipe my lonely song and dream
A fruitless dream of being free.

If I might clear this round of bars,
I'd dip and circle in the air,
I'd slide along the earth or dare
To brush my wings against the stars.

I'd bathe in yonder moss-lined brook
That brawling runs down to the sea,
And with the feath'ry cloud I'd flee,
Or seek a woodland twilight nook.

I'd stream along the mountain crest;
I'd warble songs from sun to sun,
Or when the day is almost done,
I'd skim along the crimson west.

I'd poise upon the dewy spray,
And feel the joy that makes earth rife,
I'd breathe the sweetest breaths of life,
And sweeter sing from day to day.

What boots it thus to brood on things
That lie beyond my fettered reach?
This much—it may the spirit teach
To lose the years of prison stings.

With slow time it has come to be
That sadness wells within my throat;
I can but forge one golden note
In praise of freedom and the free.

I call the witness of the stars,
Invoke the voice of pulsing dust
To say the prison is unjust
And ev'ry life but blights and mars.

ASA PATRICK,

Weatherford, Texas.



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

GREAT HORNED OWL

MESSAGE OF THE BIRDS

I'm rather glad I'm not a scientific man. I very much prefer to love the bird in life than to dissect him. His poor, dead, broken body has no message for me, except the message of death, of grief for the cruelty of the killers.

But the bird, palpitating with life, happy, free, flitting from tree to tree, looking the universe in the face and finding it good, pouring out upon the world the rich treasures of his soul in song—he speaks to me of life! Life triumphant and immortal, of joy, of love, of purpose and plan, of harmony.

BRUCE CALVERT.

THE VIREO

This charming little fellow—an elusive voice of the greenwood—scarcely needs the protection of the law. He lives so much in the open air, his color so blends with the yellow-green of the sunlit leaves, that the boy with the gun considers him too small for game and entirely too hard to find.

Ah, but what a singer he is! Happiest just after a shower, when the raindrops are breeze-shaken into the mellow gold of the sunlight and the woods are refreshed. To me his voice has a liquid quality finer than that of any other singer. Many a time I have been awakened by him at my window (the trees grow thick about it), in the first rose of the dawn, and I could wish for no lovelier aubade. And his song, too, is distinctly musical as compared with the songs of other birds. One catches the tune, as it were, directly and writes it more easily from memory.

It is a little singular how few people know the vireo. His very name sounds strange to many who have a fair speaking acquaintance with other song-birds. And yet his note cannot fail to attract the attention of anyone who has an ear for bird music. How often I have had a friend say on hearing him for the first time: "What bird is that?" The vireo? Well, that's a new bird to me!

And all this in the old home of Audubon and in the woods where he walked and "loafed" the days away.—Outing.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? To awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

New Bands of Mercy

With Names of Presidents

Providence, R. I.
Miss Wheeler's School
81015 Div. 2
Harriet G. Lane
81016 Div. 3
A. Louise Guile
81017 Div. 4
Theodora Potter
Thayer St. School
Loyal Protectors
81018 Div. 1
Clara M. Folk
81019 Div. 2
Eleanor H. Rhodes
81020 Div. 3
M. Eliza Douglass
81021 Div. 4
Jennie A. Donovan
81022 Div. 5
Grace G. Reynolds
81023 Div. 6
Marguerite G. Tucker
81024 Div. 7
Lulu A. Dwyer
81025 Div. 8
Mary A. Donovan
81026 Div. 9
Winifred Monahan
81027 Div. 10
Ursula Barry
81028 Div. 11
Charlotte C. Tennant
81029 Div. 12
Margaret M. Goodwin
East Providence, R. I.
Williams Ave. School
Kind Hearted Protectors
81030 Div. 1
L. Belle Miller
81031 Div. 2
Ella O. Cahill
James St. School
Kind Helpers
81032 Div. 1
Mary A. Carpenter
81033 Div. 2
Mabel L. Atkinson
High School
E. Prov. High Sch. Humane
Society
81034 Div. 1
81035 Div. 2
81036 Div. 3
81037 Div. 4
H. M. Dean,
Pres. of all
Central Falls, R. I.
Saint Mathews School
Protectors of the Helpless
81038 Div. 1
81039 Div. 2
81040 Div. 3
81041 Div. 4
81042 Div. 5
81043 Div. 6
Our Lady of the Sacred
Heart School
The Kind Hearts
81044 Div. 1
81045 Div. 2
81046 Div. 3
81047 Div. 4
81048 Div. 5
81049 Div. 6
81050 Div. 7
81051 Div. 8
81052 Div. 9
81053 Div. 10
81054 Div. 11
81055 Div. 12
81056 Div. 13
81057 Div. 14
81058 Div. 15
81059 Div. 16
81060 Div. 17
81061 Div. 18
81062 Div. 19
81063 Div. 20
81064 Div. 21

Methuen, Mass.
Central School
81065 Div. 1
A. R. Wheeler
81066 Div. 2
A. G. Tinkham
81067 Div. 3
A. F. McDonald
81068 Div. 4
E. A. Kent
81069 Div. 5
E. H. Bowker
81070 Div. 6
A. S. Hainsworth
81071 Div. 7
E. M. Potts
Arlington School
81072 Div. 1
R. S. Corliss
81073 Div. 2
Miss Cunniff
81074 Div. 3
N. E. Hodgson
81075 Div. 4
A. F. Lahan
81076 Div. 5
A. W. Johnson
81077 Div. 6
A. W. Thornton
81078 Div. 7
Bessie Richardson
81079 Div. 8
A. F. Moody
81080 Div. 9
S. E. Allen
81081 Div. 10
Laura Lewis
West School
81082 Div. 1
C. E. White
81083 Div. 2
N. L. Coburn
81084 Div. 3
B. E. Rea
81085 Div. 4
E. P. Bodwell
81086 Div. 5
E. A. Gage
81087 Div. 6
E. W. Erickson
81088 Div. 7
M. E. Beedle
81089 Div. 8
Dorothy Hayden
Oakland Ave. School
81090 Div. 1
N. L. Kelly
81091 Div. 2
E. R. Blodgett
81092 Div. 3
Florence Page
81093 Div. 4
J. Olive Allison
Currier School
81094 Div. 1
B. G. Stimpson
81095 Div. 2
C. L. Libby
81096 Div. 3
Madeleine Ashley
81097 Div. 4
Elsa Hefner
Barker School
81098 Div. 1
M. E. Mason
81099 Div. 2
Mary Finucane
81100 Div. 3
H. C. Cox
Elizabeth Bradley Sch.
81101 Div. 1
F. E. Dodge
81102 Div. 2
J. L. Smith
Pleasant Valley Sch.
81103 Div. 1
M. E. Smiley
81104 Div. 2
Maraketa Goodrich

81105 Marsh School
Hattie A. Dodge
81106 Bartlett School
M. Lillian Stack
81107 Merrill School
Grace M. Buswell
81108 Grosvenor Sch.
Bertha M. Lawton
81109 Howe School
Mabel Eldridge
81110 Hampshire Rd. Sch.
Gladys P. Douglass
Merrimac, Mass.
Center School
81111 Div. 1
M. H. Head
81112 Div. 2
Miss Jones
81113 Div. 3
Miss Gilman
81114 Div. 4
Miss Hughes
81115 Div. 5
Miss Cunningham
Prospect St. School
81116 Div. 1
Mae Smilie
81117 Div. 2
Miss O'Brien
Merrimacport, Mass.
Merrimacport Sch.
Annie Sargent
East Boston, Mass.
81119 F. R. Langley Humane Soc.
Div. 1
John A. White
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Homewood Pub. School
81120 No. 1
S. A. Snowden
81121 No. 2
M. H. Lloyd
81122 No. 3
M. H. Lloyd
81123 No. 4
M. L. Swift
81124 No. 5
L. M. Price
81125 No. 6
Miss M. M. Shaw
81126 No. 7
E. W. Stewart
81127 No. 8
E. W. Stewart
81128 No. 9
M. E. Grundy
81129 No. 10
E. I. Elcessor
81130 No. 11
C. A. Clawson
81131 No. 12
T. M. Marshall
81132 No. 13
M. Wilson
81133 No. 14
T. Mulholland
81134 No. 15
K. McKinley
81135 No. 16
J. A. Shourek
81136 No. 17
M. I. McComb
81137 No. 18
L. Clancey
81138 No. 19
E. M. Harbough
81139 No. 20
M. G. Ryan
81140 No. 21
J. Martin
81141 No. 22
M. M. Thomas
81142 No. 23
N. Black
81143 No. 24
A. Altman
81144 No. 25
M. A. Palmer

81145 No. 26
S. E. Kelichner
81146 No. 27
Z. M. Breckenridge
81147 No. 28
M. Little
81148 No. 29
M. J. Crosier
Belmar Pub. School
81149 No. 1
Laura Hale
81150 No. 2
Laura Hale
81151 No. 3
Grace Malick
81152 No. 4
Minnie McFarland
81153 No. 5
Minnie McFarland
81154 No. 6
Mary Hunter
81155 No. 7
81156 No. 8
Agnes Graham
81157 No. 9
Agnes Graham
81158 No. 10
Myrtle Green
81159 No. 11
Myrtle Green
81160 No. 12
Clara Ryan
81161 No. 13
Clara Ryan
81162 No. 14
Lulu Martindale
81163 No. 15
Lulu Martindale
81164 No. 16
Norma Jones
81165 No. 17
Norma Jones
81166 No. 18
Mary Shorts
81167 No. 19
Helen Francis
81168 No. 20
Helen Francis
81169 No. 21
Areta Gillilan
81170 No. 22
Mary Hardie
81171 No. 23
Bessie Gottfried
81172 No. 24
Bernice Story
81173 No. 25
Bernice Story
81174 No. 26
Margaret McCausland
81175 No. 27
Margaret McCausland
Amesbury, Mass.
Horace Mann School
81176 Div. 1
G. M. Hallier
81177 Div. 2
Ursula Penderter
81178 Div. 3
C. M. Feltham
81179 Div. 4
Lydia Rowell
Whittier School
81180 Div. 1
Mabel Lunt
81181 Div. 2
S. F. George
Ordway School
81182 Div. 1
Nellie Sargent
81183 Div. 2
Mrs. Robinson
81184 Div. 3
Mary McGrath
81185 Div. 4
G. O. Sargent

Bartlett School
81186 Div. 1
Florence M. George
81187 Div. 2
Margaret Watkins
Macy School
81188 Div. 1
B. A. Chesley
81189 Div. 2
M. C. Currier
Price, N. C.
81190 Busy Workers
Sarah M. Rakstraw
Catoonsville, Md.
81191 Young Defenders No. 1
Esther Porter
Wagner, Mont.
81192 Wagner
Eugene Lafond
Chattanooga, Tenn.
81193 The Lewis Mission
Lilyan Hooke
New Orleans, La.
Michel Hyman Bds.
81194 Div. 1
Anita Dorfman
81195 Div. 2
Isidor Busch
81196 Gustaf Westfeldt
James Burns
81197 Christian High School
John T. Dean
81198 Eleanor McMakin
Louise Fandison
81199 Audubon
Henrietta Metzner
Saratoga, N. Y.
81200 Be Kind to All
Mary Morrill
Buhl, Minn.
Kinney School
81201 No. 1
81202 No. 2
81203 No. 3
81204 No. 4
Mr. M. A. Morse, Pres. of all
Purdy, Wash.
81205 Purdy
Lily Fosberg
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lincoln Bldg.
81206 No. 1
Floy MacPherran
81207 No. 2
Floy MacPherran
81208 No. 3
Edna Specht
81209 No. 4
Edna Specht
81210 No. 5
Martha B. Corry
81211 No. 6
Martha B. Corry
81212 No. 7
Sarah E. Neely
81213 No. 8
Sarah E. Neely
81214 No. 9
Edythe Stratton
81215 No. 10
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81216 No. 11
Margaret E. Armstrong
81217 No. 12
Minetta Rodgers
81218 No. 13
Margery M. Wells
81219 No. 14
Kate Blackburn
81220 No. 15
Lyde M. Highberger
81221 No. 16
Mary L. Fee
81222 No. 17
Mary Neely
81223 No. 18
Wealthy A. Say
81224 No. 19
Ada M. Miller

81225 No. 20 E. May Dixon	Roosevelt Building	81311 Div. 8 H. E. Roache Union School	81350 No. 2 Blanche Atkinson	81390 No. 9 Anna E. Evans
81226 No. 21 Alice McMinn	81269 No. 1 Freda Wuttke	81312 Div. 1 F. E. MacReavy	81351 No. 3 Susan Morse	81391 No. 10 Anna E. Evans
81227 No. 22 Sadie J. Martin Seventh Ward School	81270 No. 2 Freda Wuttke	81313 Div. 2 G. L. Allen	81352 No. 4 C. B. Knowlton Carlisle, Mass.	81392 No. 11 Anna Moran
81228 No. 1 Marie Glemser	81271 No. 3 Elsie Donnelly	81314 Div. 3 C. B. Bryer	81353 No. 1 Alma G. Russell	81393 No. 12 Anna Moran
81229 No. 2 Marie Glemser	81272 No. 4 Elsie Donnelly	81315 Div. 4 Ruth Patten Bradstreet School	81354 No. 2 Helen Gilman	81394 No. 13 Alice Hasely
81230 No. 3 Clara Carlisle	81273 No. 5 Caroline Schneider	81316 Div. 1 F. A. Rafferty	81355 No. 3 Estelle Hartford Todd, N. C.	81395 No. 14 Bertha Dovel
81231 No. 4 Clara Carlisle	81274 No. 6 Hannah Evans	81317 Div. 2 M. M. Taylor	81356 Watauga Vineva Parsons Chisholm, Minn.	81396 No. 15 Ora Weed
81232 No. 5 Verda Dovel	81275 No. 7 Anna Pistoronis	81318 Div. 3 A. E. Jones	81357 Chisholm School Mr. J. P. Vaughn Salem Centre, N. H.	81397 No. 16 Ora Weed
81233 No. 6 Catherine Reining	81276 No. 8 Catherine Hahn	81319 Div. 4 M. B. Kendall Center School	81358 Salem Centre No. 1 Marion Chase	81398 No. 17 Roe Safford
81234 No. 7 Catherine Reining	81277 No. 9 Ethel Peterson	81320 Div. 1 H. M. Emerson	81359 No. 2 Vivian Richardson Wollaston, Mass.	81399 No. 18 Clara Garver
81235 No. 8 Bertha Filsinger	81278 No. 10 Alma Gaub	81321 Div. 2 E. M. Brewster	81360 Wollaston School William A. Talbott Pittsburgh, Pa.	81400 No. 19 Alma Kerr
81236 No. 9 Mary Vonohlen	81279 No. 11 Gladys Thomas	81322 Div. 3 F. I. Goodhue Franklin School	81361 No. 1 Ada A. Harper	81401 No. 20 Janet Jameson
81237 No. 10 Blanche Staats	81280 No. 12 Esther Evans	81323 Harriet A. Waldron Frye's Block	81362 No. 2 Martha A. Oliver	81402 No. 21 Helen Burnhardt
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81239 No. 12 Elizabeth Fairley	81282 No. 14 Catherine Uhlinger Concord Building	81325 Laura C. Gumb Farnham School	81364 No. 4 Velina Smith	81404 No. 23 Mary Flegal
81240 No. 13 Brielle Lyon	81283 No. 1 Laura Stewart	81326 Marion A. Butterfield Kimball School	81365 No. 5 Mabel Lindsey	81405 No. 24 Martha Harrison
81241 No. 14 A. E. Carse	81284 No. 2 Laura Stewart	81327 Amy F. Ramsdell Presho, S. D.	81366 No. 6 Daisey B. Ramsey	81406 No. 25 Elizabeth Hamilton Mt. Albion School
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81243 No. 16 Hope Layton Spring Hill Bldg.	81286 No. 4 Erma K. Bennett	81329 No. 1 Hazel McKay	81368 No. 8 Abigail S. Gerwig	81408 No. 2 Mary Kraus
81244 No. 1 Bessie Miller	81287 No. 5 Ada McClintock	81330 No. 2 Lelia Gutfleisch	81369 No. 9 Sarah Wright	81409 No. 3 Henrietta Mason
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81246 No. 3 Minnie K. Link	81289 No. 7 Martha Davidson 14th Ward Pub. Sch. (E'at St.)	81332 No. 4 Bessie Adams	81371 No. 11 Jane Moore	81411 No. 5 Anna B. O'Brien McNaughton School
81247 No. 4 A. Louise Aldinger	81290 No. 1 Laura Campbell	81333 No. 5 Mabel Proctor	81372 No. 12 Helen F. Dickson	81412 No. 1 Annie R. Funora
81248 No. 5 Jennie I. George	81291 No. 2 Mary Zook	81334 No. 6 Eleanor Lowrey	81373 No. 13 Olive M. Gunn	81413 No. 2 Mary P. Wolff
81249 No. 6 Stella A. Eber	81292 No. 3 Mary Zook	81335 No. 7 Mary Wahl	81374 No. 14 Julia M. Stephenson	81414 No. 3 Ella H. Connelley
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81251 No. 8 Frances B. Elmore	81294 No. 5 Sada Coar	81337 No. 9 Grace Weitzel	81376 No. 16 Lucie H. Goodwin	81416 No. 5 Margaret Rolshouse
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81255 No. 12 Nellie Meals	81298 No. 9 Myrtle McCready	81341 No. 13 Florence Lindquist	81380 No. 20 Edna Hemphill	81420 No. 9 Ida A. Thompson
81256 No. 13 Sara A. Barber Mt. Oliver Public School	81299 No. 10 Elsie Morganroth 14th Ward Sch. (City View)	81342 No. 14 Mr. J. A. Hubble	81381 No. 21 Sarah Kunkle Shady Ave. School	81421 No. 10 Olive S. Greabing
81257 No. 1 Myrtle Reed	81300 No. 1 Lottie Taylor	81343 No. 15 Katherine Guthrie West Philadelphia, Pa.	81382 No. 1 Amy F. Harrington	81422 No. 11 Elizabeth Nelson
81258 No. 2 Agnes Dixon	81301 No. 2 Della Whited Homestead, Pa.	81344 Forget-Me-Not Elizabeth G. Warrington Roxbury, Mass.	81383 No. 2 Amy F. Harrington	81423 No. 12 Annabel S. Mendenhall Charles St. School
81259 No. 3 Lillian Griffin	81302 No. 1 Carrie W. Coen	81345 F. R. Langley Humane Soc. Div. 2	81384 No. 3 Anna M. Evans	81424 No. 1 Grace M. Deer
81260 No. 4 Lillian Griffin	81303 No. 2 Isabel Lebovitz North Andover, Mass.	81346 Room 4, No. 1 Gustaf F. Skogerson	81385 No. 4 Anna M. Evans	81425 No. 2 Elizabeth Brown
81261 No. 5 Bertha Klein	81304 Div. 1 E. C. Lincoln	81347 Room 3, No. 2 Rebina Burke	81386 No. 5 Charlotte Graham	81426 No. 3 Jeanette Young
81262 No. 6 Bertha Klein	81305 Div. 2 R. C. Alvord	81348 Rms. 1 and 2, No. 3 Frank McCue Tyngsboro, Mass.	81387 No. 6 Anna Wilson	81427 No. 4 Anna Zachar
81263 No. 7 Lillian Klein	81306 Div. 3 M. E. Quealey	81349 No. 1 B. R. Sherborne	81388 No. 7 Anna Wilson	81428 No. 5 Eva L. Bassett
81264 No. 8 Violet Junker	81307 Div. 4 H. B. Keefe		81389 No. 8 M. Jane Singer	81429 No. 6 Christine Fowler
81265 No. 9 Mary Garahan	81308 Div. 5 G. A. Hamlin			81430 No. 7 Clara I. Welsh
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81267 No. 11 Alva McMain	81310 Div. 7 M. E. Keating			81432 No. 9 Hazel Hesser
81268 No. 12 Mary Carney				81433 No. 10 Ida S. McKenzie



Founders of American Band of Mercy

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Three thousand, seven hundred and one new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy have been formed throughout the world during the last twelve months, making a total of eighty-one thousand, six hundred and seventy-two.

There are today five hundred and eight active Bands of Mercy in the public schools of Providence, Rhode Island, all formed during the year under the auspices of the American Humane Education Society. This is but one example of many that might be quoted to show the present extent of this work.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "How to Form Bands of Mercy" and other publications; also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. The monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Twenty leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Band of Mercy Melodies."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See last page for prices of Band of Mercy badges and supplies and humane publications.

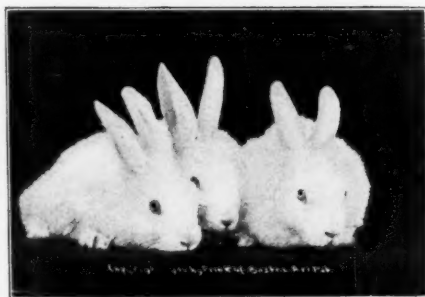
TRY IT

Help a brother on his way,
Give a lifting hand today,
Say the kindly word of cheer,
Help to dry the mourner's tear,
When you've done a kindness real,
See yourself how good you feel.

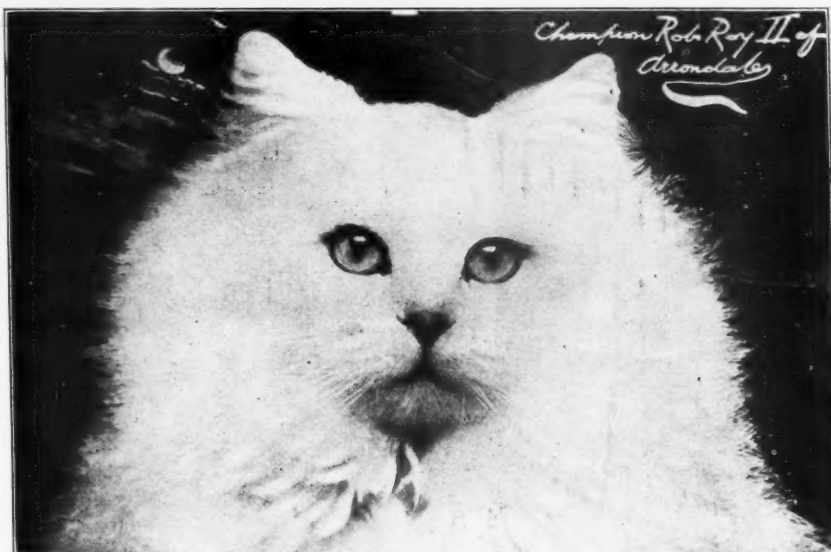
Do you meet a fellow down,
Do not greet him with a frown;
Do not turn away in scorn,
Grip his hand and say "Good morn!"
Try his little wounds to heal,
See yourself how good you feel.

There's no joy compared to this,
Earth can ne'er bestow such bliss,
Help another on his way,
Have a cheerful word to say,
Then when evening shadows steal,
See yourself how good you feel.

—Sacred Heart Review.



BROTHERS THREE



For Our Dumb Animals

A FAMILY TRAGEDY



LITTLE long-eared Bunny lived in a dugout on the edge of a clearing. Behind his home rose the side of a steep, wooded hill. All about him were the maple-trees of a "sugar-bush," and just a little venture into the open brought him in sight of a gray, weather-beaten house, and quite a village

of barns and sheds, the home of his four-footed friends on the farm.

The old farm-house was always gay with children's voices. Many times the little rabbit had scurried timidly into his cabin at the sound of their shouts and laughter. He had never been molested, but he feared the jolly crowd, unknowing why.

After a time he persuaded another rabbit, a dainty, sensitive creature, soft-footed and gentle-eyed, to share his house. Then, indeed, was the humble dugout a home, happier far than many a stately mansion, for love reigned, and blessed with plenty to eat, what could rabbit wish for more? Soon there came children to make glad the hearts of the little rabbit and his wife.

"Cute" furry little things they were, with large bright eyes and loving, pretty ways. Often the little parents watched their merry play with delight, as they leaped from rock to tree or hid behind bushes, in a game of "hide and seek," or rolled over each other like kittens.

But one day the little father of the family went away and never returned. The gentle little mother never knew his fate. We know that as he was quietly eating, a "sportsman" saw him and, quickly leveling his rifle, fired, but did not at once kill his unoffending victim. The poor little rabbit, mortally wounded, still tried to reach his home. He crept away into the bushes where, faint with pain, he lay down to rest. The man who had shot him called his dog, who came smelling along his track.

The poor rabbit, roused by this new danger, rose and staggered a little farther, to escape his pursuers, but the fierce dog was upon him—a bound, a quick shake, and it was done.

"Good dog! brave dog!" said the hunter. "We have done well." What had they done so well? What was there brave about it? Do we call it brave when a man is shot from ambush? They had broken up a happy home—in sport.

The little widow had now to care for her babies alone. There was no one else to share the burden of a growing family, so she did her best, as mothers will. They had taken turns, these two,

in caring for the babies, that no hawk or fox should molest them. Now she scarcely dared to leave, unless driven by extreme hunger.

One night the farmer was awakened by the squawking of his poultry. In the morning he missed a fine young turkey. In a night or two this was repeated, and he said, "We'll catch the varmint. Jack, you set them two traps, and if you catch the rascal I'll buy you that new shotgun you've been teasin' for. It will be fun for you, anyway."

Why did he happen to set one trap in the tall dead grass by the corner of the garden fence? And how did it happen that little Mrs. Rabbit, hopping along in search of food, put her dainty paw in and sprung it? Ah, the cruel trap! How the numbing pain crept up the imprisoned limb, and how the sharp pain darted all over her body! She struggled to free herself until the tender flesh was torn from the broken bone, for she knew that at home were her babies alone, hungry, supperless—she *must* go. And again she struggled, but in vain. Great tears rose to the soft brown eyes, and she uttered little moaning sounds of pain and of distress. In the morning Jack found her shivering with fear and pain.

"Such luck! I shall have to try again for my gun." He opened the trap, secured his "catch," carefully reset the instrument of torture, and thinking of the rabbit pie he would ask mother to make, he slung the little animal over his shoulder and started for home. He never thought of the agony his every movement caused her.

Molly met him, and took the rabbit in her arms, soiling her clean apron with the blood. She saw the look of suffering in the soft brown eyes.

"Oh, Jack, see it cry!"

"Yes," said Jack, "I'm going to kill it by and by, and have a rabbit pie."

"Jack, suppose it was you! If you had to die, and you was hurt, wouldn't you rather die right away? Oh, kill it quick, and easy, Jack!" But Molly would not taste the rabbit pie.

The poor little bunnies in the dugout waited long for their mother that night. At last, hungry, shivering, afraid, they crept into each other's arms and tried to sleep.

Morning came, and the hungry little stomachs cried anew for something to eat. Day passed—no mother. Night came, and another day, and the last poor little baby straightened his tiny form and lay cold in death.

Why need it to have happened?

ETHELYN DYER,

Guymon, Okla.

Fifty Japanese boys and girls of Seattle, Washington, were organized into a Band of Mercy recently by Miss May Krueger.



THE DISCONTENTED CLAM, Francis T. Hazlewood.

A collection of nine short stories dealing with animals, especially adapted to children. From the beginning of the tale of the discontented clam and his sad fate, throughout the book, the reader's attention is held by the freshness and originality of the stories, which in many cases are in the language of the animals themselves. A few of the attractive titles are: "How One Squirrel Got 'His Stripes,'" "The Old Frog and His Grandsons," "The Turtle's Reward."

87 pp. \$1.10. Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

RECEIPTS BY THE M. S. P. C. A. FOR AUGUST, 1911

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"J. F. T.," \$50; Mrs. Bryce J. Allan, \$35; Miss M. Elizabeth Carter, \$25; Mrs. Mary Thayer, \$25; Frank B. Bemis, \$25; John D. Williams, \$25; Miss Mary A. Case, \$25; Miss Ellen F. Moseley, \$25; Mrs. John E. Hudson, \$25; Mrs. Philip A. Chase, \$20; Mrs. Ella L. Davenport, \$20; Miss Alice M. Davenport, \$15; Miss Annie M. Dore, \$15; Miss E. F. Mason, \$15; Mrs. Francis E. Bacon, \$15.

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Mrs. Theodore Chase, Robert A. Boit, Miss Elizabeth R. Storrow, Miss Elizabeth B. Brown, I. Tucker Burr, Miss Dora N. Spalding, Miss Mary P. Bacon, Miss Helen Wheeler, Horace S. Sears, Robert Saltonstall, Charles W. Parker, Jackson K. Sears, The Misses King, Edward L. Parker.

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The sweetest songs come not from the throats
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For over and over the wild bird's notes
Will put them all to shame.

The tenderest heart is not the heart
That makes the greatest show,
But the one that comes in the hour of grief,
And helps to bear the blow.

The greatest life is never the one
That of wondrous acts can boast,
But the life that sweetens some other life
And supplies its needs the most.

And the life most needed is not the one
That climbs to the mightiest deeds,
But the one that helps another on,
And gives it the love it needs.

And so our prayer is not for a share
Of the things the world calls great,
But the power to help some brother on
To a higher and happier state.

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